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THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

EARL OF BARRYMORE.

INCLUDING

A HISTORY OF THE

WARGRAVE THEATRICALS,

AND

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF

EMINENT PERSONS.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

Rien n'eſt beau que le Vrai,
Le Vrai ſeul eſt aimable.

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M. DCC. XCIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE rapid ſale of a very large impreſſion of this Life, in a few days, has emboldened the Author to render it, in this Edition, more perfect, and he flatters himſelf more acceptable to the public, by the addition of an hundred original anecdotes.—To remove vulgar prejudices; to oppoſe the circulation of unauthorized traſh: to eſtabliſh truth, and to reclaim the profligate, were the motives that impelled him to give the world this biographical triſle. One of the greateſt Divines of the preſent day has been pleaſed to affirm in writing, "That it is the "beſt literary preſent that a parent can ſend a child, as "it combines more morality and pleaſantry, than any "other publication extant."

☞ The public are requeſted to be particular in ſending for "PASQUIN'S LIFE OF LORD BARRYMORE," as there are ſome catchpenny accounts of him in circulation!

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

EARL OF BARRYMORE.

AH, Friend! the poſting years, how faſt they fly!
Nor can the ſtricteſt piety
Defer encroaching age,
Or Death's reſiſtleſs rage:
The prince and peaſant of this world muſt be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

HOR. ODE XIV.

IN the ſucceeding detail of disjointed anecdotes and reflections, I muſt require an indulgence from the peruſer which I never claimed before, though it might have been uniformly neceſſary; that is, as writing now from the *heart* more than the *head!*—the abrupt deprivation of the beſt friend I ever had (and a better no man ever knew) weighs too heavily upon my underſtanding to admit of thoſe vigilant and frequent appeals to the judgment, which all ſhould make, who would prefer the credit of writing well, to the indulgence of a wild and abandoned ſorrow.

RICHARD, late Earl of BARRYMORE, Viſcount BUTTEVANT, and Baron BARRY, of the kingdom of Ireland, was born Auguſt 14th, 1769; he ſucceeded to the title and eſtate Auguſt 1ſt, 1773; was choſen Member for *Heyteſbury*, in Wiltſhire, at the commencement of the preſent Parliament; and died on March 6th, 1793. His eſtate and title deſcend to the Honorable HENRY BARRY, who is now with his brother, the Honorable AUGUSTUS BARRY, and his ſiſter, Lady MELFORT, at the family ſeat of Caſtle Lyons, near Rathcormuck, in the county of Cork, in Ireland. A few months ſince he went on an excurſion to *Gretna Green* with Miſs GOULDING, niece to Lady LADE; a young lady of much perſonal beauty, and adequately accompliſhed.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

His highly poliſhed mind received its firſt claſſical embelliſhments under the ſucceſsful tuition of the Rev. Mr. TICKELL, at *Wargrave*; at the age of fourteen he was removed to Eton, where his erudition was confirmed; and (had his life not been prematurely abridged) his paſſport to celebrity indubitably ſecured. Diſcretion had planted her choiceſt ſeeds in his underſtanding, which took

took root, and began to emerge; but he was deſtroyed ere the fertility and richneſs of the ſoil became palpable by a full harveſt, acceptable to Wiſdom and to Honor. —His acuteneſs of penetration was indiſputable—his equanimity of temper was never ruffled but in caſes of meanneſs or oppreſſion—he was burſting hourly from the *chryſalis*, and would have been ſoon in full beauty, wing and requeſt.

He was ſuppoſed to have expended, in the courſe of five years, very near three hundred thouſand pounds, and what will appear very extraordinary is, that in the midſt of this ocean of extravagance, he was himſelf, one of the moſt temperate men, in regard to eating and drinking, I ever accompanied!—he would occaſionally dreſs himſelf like a French cook, with a white cap, bag, apron, knife, &c. and invite a ſelect party to ſup with him, for whom he would dreſs a fowl, ſauſages, ſoup, and ſallad in various ways, with as much addreſs and ſkill as *Lebeck* in old times, or *Daubigny* in modern manners!

Lord Barrymore was upwards of ſix feet in height; he had very large bones, and was very thin: his agility was ſuch, that I have heard, no man in the country could equal him in feats of activity: yet he run a hundred yards in Kenſington Gardens with Lord Paget,

and loſt the wager!—I have ſeen him repeatedly put one hand on the ſaddle of his horſe and vault over him: —he was not ſo intrepid in either a fox chace or ſwimming as the preſent Earl, who, though lame, ſeems unconſcious of dread, in any ſituation, however perilous!

When about eighteen years of age, he would take ſome ſpirited companion, and go in the middle of the night to the circumjacent villages, and by means of a ladder, ſhift the ſigns of the public-houſes, by carrying the King's Head to the Three Jolly Anglers, and the Three Jolly Anglers to the King's Head!—in whatever place he ſojourned, he created ſome diverſion for the laboring poor in the afternoon; he either inſtituted a match at cricket or quoits; gave a hat to be grinned for through a horſe collar; a pair of ſhoes to the beſt cudgeller; or a dowlaſs ſmock to the moſt fleet *Atalanta* in the hundred.

Like ſome beneficial preparation in chymiſtry, half finiſhed, what he was to have been, in the concluſion, was not univerſally underſtood—his paſſions had been thrown too haſtily into the reſolving crucible of action, when the fire was too intenſe and too conſuming—the gradual ſimmerings proper for the healthful combination of warring particles, were not attended to by thoſe who

who ſhould have been the guardians of his conſtitution! had he lived long, he would have lived to brighten humanity—he would have formed a relative confederacy between the different ſpheres of the imagination and the preſcriptions of ſcience—the lawleſs fancy of Lucretius, would have been rejected for the more calm champions of moral beauty. His powers of aſſociating thought and judgment were admirable—he was even patient under the ſolution of Euclid's problems, when he conſidered that ſolution neceſſary to his private pride of character, or the more immediate claims of neceſſity. When he believed it proper to ruminate, the intricate calculations of algebra were quickly unknotted by a perception, wonderfully operative to the accompliſhment of a ſcholar's deſire. The Attic ſerpent unfolded itſelf upon demand, and curvetted beneath the beam of his mind!

His domeſtic affairs have been long under the guidance of Mrs. DELPINI, and I verily think her conduct has been highly advantageous to her employer. He reſided, when in town, at *Wood's Hotel*, in Covent Garden; and generally dined and ſupped at the *Bow Street Coffee Houſe*, becauſe he had the utmoſt reliance on the good ſenſe and integrity of the landlord.

Notwithſtanding the prevalence of an oppoſite ſentiment in the world, he was not indiſcriminately prodigal, but

but morally generous; and had all his beneficence been literally chronicled, it would appear as the effort of diſcernment. He read the characters of men with as much accuracy as *Bruyere*; and ſcorned thoſe who were uncandid, unfeeling, or unjuſt. On the day he died he was to have ſtood ſponſor to Mr. JOHNSTONE, the Comedian's infant daughter, but his military duty prevented his attendance.

In what was relative to religion in general, or the revelations in particular, he was the moſt guarded man in his ſentiments I ever knew. Thoſe ſenſualities in which he indulged, and which youth and conſtitution rendered venial, never eſtranged him from the recollection that every man feaſt, like *Damocles*, with the ſword of ruin ſuſpended over him by the fine-ſpun thread of Deſtiny. The pageantries of life and the bubbles of vanity ſhould be held nearly as contemptible by all thoſe who feel properly, that the funeral of the body may be immediate to its agency in error.

His eſtates, amounting in the aggregate to ten thouſand pounds a year, have been the laſt two years under the guidance of Mr. HAMMERSLEY, the Banker, who allowed him annually two thouſand five hundred pounds; the remainder were held in ſequeſtration for his creditors. He, peradventure, played about the altar of Licentiouſneſs,

neſs, but never ſacrificed his honor at the ſane; his vivacity often forced him beyond the precincts of Moderation, yet he never remained long in the enemy's country, or became a ſyſtematic rebel to Propriety, but returned with rapture to the head quarters of Reaſon:—though the governing compaſs of his mind was ſometimes deranged by the concuſſions of accident, it was ſoon becalmed, and pointed to the polar ſtar of Rectitude.

He had the goodneſs to viſit me in trouble, and remove my embarraſſments; and has repeatedly declared, that while he had a houſe and a bottle, his roof ſhould protect me from the elements, and his beverage alleviate my thirſt. Were my benefactor living, to recite theſe events would be unappropriate and fulſome; but as he is no more, were I mean enough to flatter (a vice for which I am not very notorious) the flattery muſt be unproductive.

His powers of elocution were very great, but that modeſty, which is ever the attendant of ſupreme merit, prevented him from the public diſplay of thoſe abilities which his private friends knew to be recommendatory and charming; he was mellowing rapidly from eccentricity and whim into meritorioufneſs and caution; every hour his judgment forged an additional link of that chain which Time would have uſed to coerce his paſſions; his

ample

ample mind would not for a moment, receive a gueſt ſo repulſive, ſo abhorred, as Moroſeneſs—I believe, that at his luminous birth

"The Sun drew all ſuch humors from him."

The gentleneſs of his nature impelled him to be moſt civil where incivility might have proved afflictive; his diſtinctions on the points of adminiſtrative delicacy to the ſons and daughters of Diſtreſs were admirable and exemplary; when he did a deed of generoſity, he did it twice, by making the manner of preſenting even more acceptable than the gift offered; he artfully contrived to participate, by language, in the benefits of that donation, which, in the luxury of feeling, he exceedingly enjoyed; he ſeemed to ruſh from the confines of ſelf-love, and regard the worthy more than he did himſelf.

Could the emotions of grief reſtore his vital heat, my lamentations ſhould fatigue Echo; he had, by the ſimple magic of a kind demeanor, ſo intertwiſted his intereſts about my heart, that when I heard of his untimely demolition, I felt as if its core had burſt in twain; all the benefits I had received from him came ruſhing concentrated upon my mind, till my imagination was ſuſpended and abſorbed in woe; he was the moſt philanthropic, the moſt urbane, the moſt generous among men; though his deed

deed occaſionally ran before his thought, yet was it ſanctified by the impulſe that gave it birth; he peruſed not the code of frigid policy for the meaſure of his action, but artleſsly mingled in buſy life, and became the point of common obſervation, with all the levities appertaining to unſophiſticated youth playing about his character, to the prejudice of that momentary, though not unimportant fame, which is dependant on the whiſperings of Envy and Malignity!

His retentive faculties were aſtoniſhing; I have known him return from a new opera, and play the overture diſtinctly and correctly, though he was not acquainted with the theory of muſic!—In our private oratorical efforts at Wargrave, upon a theme ſuddenly announced, he was generally the moſt poignant and ſtrongeſt reaſoner among us; upon an occaſion when Mr. STONE had a tenant run away of the name of DAY, very much in his debt, it was propoſed that each gentleman ſhould write an epigram upon the occurrence; the time allowed was ten minutes, when Lord BARRYMORE eclipſed us all, by a ſpirited effuſion that would not have diſhonored *Martial;* as I cannot perfectly recollect it now, I will not injure his memory by any ſubſtitution of matter.

He deſpiſed thoſe ſtruggles of the ariſtocratic for precedence, who can only reſort to the practice of inſolence

for the powers of diſtinction. As he borrowed his ſuperior claims to ſocial reſpect from Heaven, he diſdained the idea of being arranged as the ſlave of thoſe local honors which may be equally adminiſtered to the ideot, the villain, and the truly noble. No man will ſeek to acquire dignity from external ſplendor, who can retire within himſelf, and ſtrengthen his own felicity by his own reflection!—As the natural world is beautifully ſubſervient to the moral, ſo is the gorgeouſneſs of a valuable man only ſecondary to the tenor and attributes of his being.—He knew well how to make a right eſtimate of the durable and the tranſient, and adhered wiſely to thoſe comforting principles, which the favor of princes cannot eſtabliſh, or the operations of Calamity overthrow.

WARGRAVE THEATRICALS.

The theatricals at *Wargrave*, though eventually ſo brilliant, commenced but humbly: the firſt performance there was Garrick's farce of *Miſs in her Teens*, in which Lord Barrymore enacted *Flaſh;* Mr. Henry Barry, *Puff;* Mr. A. Barry, *Fribble*; and Mr. Naſſau, *Miſs Biddy*. This juvenile attempt was made when the eldeſt

of

of the *dramatis perſonæ* was under ſeventeen; the other characters were ſuſtained by the moſt intelligent young men of the village. To this Theſpian ſtruggle, only the tradeſmen, and the farmers and their wives were invited, as the exhibition was in a barn, and the commodiouſneſs of the auditory not very remarkable. Eighteen months after this ſcenic endeavor, Lord Barrymore employed Mr. Cox, late carpenter to Covent Garden Theatre, to erect the late noble and matchleſs ſtructure, which was the admiration of all who viewed it; the mechaniſm of the traps for pantomime could not be exceeded by art. This ſuperb building was pulled down in the ſummer of 1792, and the materials ſold by auction. Sir Charles Marſh, of Reading, bought the traps and ſcenery, which were painted by Mr. Young and Mr. Emanuel. A large ſtable and coach-houſe were erected on the ſcite, but never uſed, in conſequence of that cataſtrophe which has cauſed this teſtimonial to be written.

Adjoining to the theatre was a lofty and ſpacious ſaloon, to which the company retired for refreſhment, between the acts and at the concluſion of the performances. From a receſs in the centre of this building, ſix men ſervants, dreſſed in ſcarlet and gold, delivered chocolate, coffee, tea, ſweetmeats, orgeat, lemonade, &c. to all who required ſuch a pleaſant allay for a half-formed appetite.

Over the niche of the receſs, the family arms of the Barrys were emblazoned in full order.

The tickets delivered for the different nights of performance in the week, were all marked with the day of the month. During the play, he took the tickets one evening at the door himſelf, muffled up in his great coat; when a farmer brought an order for admiſſion that was dated for the preceding entertainment: "This ticket "wont do, my honeſt fellow," ſaid his Lordſhip; "you "muſt get another, or, I promiſe you, you ſhall not get "admittance here." "Noa," replied the other, "that 's "more than I bargain'd for; but, howſumdever, let me "tell you a peice of my moind. I got that there ticket "from one of my Lord's ſarvants, to ſee the ſhow; and "if ſo be you dunna let me in, I'll tell James the foot-"man, and he ſhall get you turn'd avay." "That's a "ſerious piece of information, indeed," ſaid my Lord; "but ſure you wont be ſo cruel?" "Come, come," ſaid the relenting ruſtic, "you ſeem a good ſort of a de-"cent ſort of mon, and I'll tell you vhat it is now; "if you'll be agreeable, vhy I'll be agreeable." "To "oblige you," rejoin'd the peer, "I will be agreeable "for once in my life, at leaſt." "Then the ſhort of the "matter is this," continued the clown; "I'll gee a ſhil-

"ling

" ling to let me go in, and ve'll not ſay nothing at all " no more about the matter." The noble comedian acceded to the propoſal, and honeſt Hodge took his ſeat quietly in the theatre. Lord Barrymore told this adventure, with much glee, in the green room, at the ſame time aſking if he was not liable to be carried before Mr. Juſtice Chaſe, of Reading, for taking money at his booth without a licence from the county magiſtrates! When the ſturdy hind was told afterwards, that it was Lord Barrymore whom he had treated ſo cavalierly, he anſwered, with the true ſpirit of an Engliſh yeoman, " Vell, an he be a Lord, vhat care I; I's Mr. Ne- " ville's tenant, and pays my rent vhen it is due, and " cares nothing for nobody. Odds rabbit it, un he " vanted to be treated like a gemman, vhy did n't he " tell me he vas a gemman?"

At the concluſion of the play, Lord Barrymore and I have frequently diſguiſed ourſelves, and followed the country people out of the village, to liſten to their extraordinary remarks upon the merits and demerits of the performers; and if any thing particularly objectionable was uttered, the parties always heard it at ſupper, with all the innoxious exaggerations which Pleaſantry could create, to keep up the ball of conviviality.

The

The following is a ſpecimen of a *Wargrave* play-bill:—

PRIVATE THEATRICALS,

WARGRAVE.

This preſent Tueſday, September 21ſt, 1790, will be performed, a Comedy, called,

THE FOLLIES OF A DAY;

OR, THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

Count Almaviva,	Mr. Wade.	
Don Guzman,	Mr. Edwin.	
Doctor Bartholo,	Captain Davies.	
Antonio,	Lord Barrymore.	
Baſil,	Mr. Blackſtone.	
Figaro,	Captain Wathen.	
Bounce,	Mr. A. Barry.	
Double-fee,	Mr. Ximenes.	
Crier of the Court,	Mr. Delpini.	
The Page,	Miſs Richards.	*Of the Theatre Royal Richmond.*
Counteſs,	Mrs. Rivers.	
Suſan,	Mrs. Rock.	
Marcelina,	Mrs. Davenet.	
Agnes,	Miſs Davenet.	

Councellors, &c.

The Prologue to be Spoken by Mr. Blackſtone.

To

To which will be added, a Pantomime, called,

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR, HARLEQUIN FRIDAY.

Act First.

Robinſon Cruſoe,	Mr. Delpini.
Friday,	Captain Wathen.
Friday's Father,	Mr. Davis.
Pierrot,	Lord Barrymore.
Captain,	Mr. H. Barry.

Savages, Sailors, &c. &c.

Act Second.

Pantaloon,	Mr. A. Paſquin.
Lover,	Mr. Ximenes.
Clown,	Lord Barrymore.
Pierrot,	Mr. Delpini.
Harlequin,	Captain Wathen.
Second Harlequin,	Mr. Edwin.
Father Paul,	Captain Tayler.
Ariel,	Miſs Chapman.
Mother,	Mrs. Davenet.
Columbine,	Miſs Richards.
Chambermaid,	Miſs Davenet.

Millers, Friars, Alguazils, &c. with all the Lilliputian Characters.

To conclude with a Dance of Children in the Temple of Hymen, in which will be introduced, by Particular Deſire, the Favorite

PAS RUSSE, as performed at the Italian Opera,

By Lord Barrymore, and Mr. Delpini, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Overture to the Pantomime entirely new, by Mr. Dibdin. The Muſic under the Direction of Mr. Carter.

Previous

Previous to a complete and general repreſentation of a new performance, we had a *dreſſed rehearſal*; to which all the inferior people were admitted, ſuch as ſervant maids, dairy wenches, ſhepherds, plough-boys, &c. The auditory on ſuch nights had a ſingular appearance: all the rows of the pit were filled with red cloaks and ſmock frocks, in chequered order; they looked like red and white cabbages arranged in Covent Garden market. It formed no inconſiderable part of our amuſement to liſten from the ſide boxes to the remarks of thoſe idealeſs, inane animals.—During the rehearſal of *Blue Beard*, they expreſſed, by the diſtention of their mouths, every emotion of amazement; when *Blue Beard* was attempting to murder *Zelica*, I heard a general murmur of horror: "I'll be dom'd, "Margery," ſaid a talkative clown, "if that ban't DEL-"PINI." "Is it," exclaimed the tremulous nymph, "vat a willin!" When I, who had the honor of playing the *Devil* on that occaſion, aſcended through the ſtage trap, there was an inſtantaneous ſhriek in a hundred different keys; the greater part realized the deception; they thought it was a peep into *Tartarus*, and bleſſed themſelves in a cold perſpiration. When I threw off my diabolical trappings, and returned to the boxes, they were holding a conſultation as to the tendency of the character

character which Mr. RICHARDS filled: to remove their doubts, as I found they could not diſcover his miſſion, I told them it was the *genius* of the country, who came to protect *Zelica*. "He is woundy queerly dreſt;" rejoined a fellow, "may I never go to Sunning again, "if he has gotten any ſhoes on." "Are you ſurpriſed "at that you egregious blockhead," ſaid a gentleman, "to find a genius without a ſhoe to his foot."

As there was no *auberge*, *caravanſara*, or hotel in the village, furniſhed with a decent bed, all the viſitors to the family, which frequently amounted to twenty, were obliged to ſleep together in two ſmall rooms, unbarred, unbolted, and unlocked; diſtinguiſhed by the names of the upper and lower barracks. The time allotted for repoſe, was generally from five o'clock in the morning, until noon; and if any ill-ſtarred varlet preſumed to ſteal away from the midnight carouſal, before the common ſignal for departure, his bands of ſleep were burſt aſunder, by a Dutch dirge, an incantation to Hecate, or a reeking ſacrifice in the tripod of his chamber, not highly agreeable to the olfactory nerves of the recreant bacchanal!—When the theatre was finiſhed, each had his peculiar hammock inviolable.

When the ſeaſon and the ſun-beams authorized the proceeding, we had an aquatic *fete*, and dined on ſome

iſland between *Henley* and *Reading*, and ſo inebriate were the majority of the mimic crew, that had not the venerable Thames been auſpicious to the feſtival, half the aſſemblage would have been ingulphed amid his mud.

The moſt ſelect, brilliant, and ſatisfactory parties were held in *Blake's Wood*, near *Wargrave*, where we dined in a tent, and dreſſed our food like the antique hunters, often on the ſpot where it had been deſtroyed; —we had ſecret places marked upon the ſod where the wine was buried beneath the turf, and dug up as occaſion urged;—with ſong, catch and glee, we alarmed the feathered tenants of the grove, and met the gloomy advances of night,

"With tipſy dance and jollity."

At ſome of theſe voluptuous orgies, *Anacreon* might have ſat at the feſtive board without diſguſt.

His companiable points had ſigular ſeduction: he was not, in many of his prominent traits, diſſimilar to Lord ROCHESTER, and the Duke of WHARTON, though he uttered not the blaſphemies of the firſt nobleman, or practiſed the vulgarities of the other;—he was gay but not abſurd, and witty but not uncharitable: he had more of what I ſhall denominate as *intuitive merit*, than

than any man I ever ſurveyed: he was a poet, a painter, and a muſician, without having waded through the accuſtomed preparatory ordeal!

He carried his paſſion for the drama to the very threſhold of indiſcretion; and was literally a common protector to the ſtage in general. He frequently performed himſelf, and very ably, in ſuch characters as *Scrub*, *Hob*, *Bobadil*, and *Gregory Gubbins*. His playhouſe at *Wargrave*, which he was perſuaded to have pulled down laſt ſummer, had coſt him upwards of ſixty thouſand pounds; it was univerſally allowed to be the moſt ſplendid private theatre in the kingdom!—his dramatic eſtabliſhment was proverbially ſuperb, and is ſuppoſed to have been the cauſe of ſeveral hundred thouſand pounds having been expended in the vicinity of that temple of enchantment! The various mimic entertainments given there by the noble hoſt (excepting maſquerades) were as follows:

PLAYS.

The Conſtant Couple.
Every Man in his Humor.
Rivals.
Follies of a Day.
Stratagem.
Battle of Hexham.
Merry Wives of Windſor.

FARCES.

Hob in the Well.	Mayor of Garrat.
Miſs in her Teens.	Poor Soldier.
Padlock.	Midnight Hour.
Guardian.	Try Again.
Apprentice.	

PANTOMIMES.

Robinſon Cruſoe.	Blue Beard.
Don Juan.	

The ladies and gentlemen who performed there, *Amateurs* and *Profeſſional*, were thus:

AMATEURS.	PROFESSORS.
Lord Barrymore.	Mr. Palmer.
Hon. H. Barry.	Mr. Banniſter.
Hon. A Barry.	Mr. Banniſter, Junior.
Hon. Lucius Cary.	Mr. Johnſtone.
Mr. Blackſtone.	Mr. Incledon.
Mr. Ximines.	Mr. Munden.
Mr. Naſſau.	Mr. M. Williames.
Mr. Impey.	Mr. R. Palmer.
Captain Davies.	Mr. Whitfield.
Captain Quarme.	Mr. Moſes Kean.

Captain

AMATEURS.

Captain Tayler.
Captain Davis.
Captain Wathen.
Captain Middleton.
Captain Dives.
Mr. Wade.
Mr. Davis.
Mr. Pollard.
Mr. Collins.
Mr. Angelo.
Anthony Paſquin.

PROFESSORS.

Mr. Hollingſworth.
Mr. Rock.
Mr. Richards.
Mr. Le Brun.

LADIES.

Mrs. Goodall.
Mrs. Rivers.
Mrs. Horebrow.
Mrs. Rock.
Mrs. Norton.
Miſs Chapman.
Mrs. Delpini.
Mrs. Hall.
Mrs. Maddox.

Superintendant of Pantomimes, &c.
Charles Delpini.

Muſical Compoſer,
Thomas Carter.

Profeſſional Dancers,
Mr. Veſtris.
Madame Hilſberg.

Carpenters,
Mr. Reuben Cox,
and ſix aſſiſtants.

Printer,

Printer,
Mr. Hopwood.

Prompters,
Mr. Harwood.
Mr. Le Brun.

Scene Painters,
Mr. Young.
Mr. Emanuel.

To preſerve good manners among ſo large a body of people, of ſuch various and contradictory habits, Lord BARRYMORE inſtituted a comic court of judicature, before which every offender was arraigned and tried, who had been indiſcreet in the courſe of the day, or violated the duties of ſubordination: the trials uſually commenced about two o'clock in the morning, and the puniſhments were ſummary, involving an event equally ludicrous and diſtreſſing—the officers were thus choſen:

Lord Chief Juſtice,
Anthony Paſquin.

Council for the Majeſty of Decency.
Lord Barrymore.

Council for the Priſoner,
Captain Tayler.

Mace Bearer,
John Edwin.

Jurymen,

Hon. H. Barry.
Hon. A. Barry.
Mr. Blackſtone.
Captain Middleton.
Mr. Stone.
Mr. Wade.

Crier

Crier of the Court,
Charles Delpini.

Ordinary for the Culprit,
Rev. Mr. R———.

Conſtable,
Mr. Richards.

At a ſuperb maſquerade which Lord BARRYMORE gave to his friends, on coming to maturity, and which was honored with the preſence of the Prince of WALES, and all the beauty and faſhion of the ſurrounding counties, the following witty, though ſevere compoſition, was delivered to the company, by the fair hand of a celebrated lady—though her face and its enſlaving lineaments were diſguiſed by a vizor, her form was not rendered equivocal by the aſſumption of character. The Reader will not be amazed at the merit of the performance, when he underſtands, that the common ſuſpicion gave it to the accompliſhed M——e of A——h.

A NEW

MASQUERADE BALLAD.

COME, jolly Mortals! join the croud,
Be gay, ridiculous, and loud,
Be any thing but dumb;
Let dominos be baniſh'd hence,
But Fun and Fancy, Wit and Senſe,
In any figure come.

Sweepers who know not how to ſweep,
And harlequins who cannot leap,
Old women—ſcarcely twenty;
Miſſes in teens—near ſix feet high,
Law, Phyſic, and Divinity,
And noſegay girls in plenty.

Let ſuch as theſe this feſtive night,
To form the motley group unite,
And each with glee endeavour
(As o'er them rays of Fancy gleam)
To be the character they ſeem,
And, if they can, be clever.

Beauties

Beauties in vain their forms diſguiſe,
Now to attract their lovers' eyes,
Now wiſhing to be ſeen;
And while ſoft things the lover ſays,
The liſt'ning fair no bluſh betrays,
Behind the paſteboard ſcreen.

In ſearch of new adventures here,
Some toniſh huſbands too appear,
With eager palpitation;
Here contradict their uſual lives,
And very kindly—with their wives
May make an aſſignation.

Love in ſuch tricks as theſe delights,
Thus archly plagues poor married wights,
Or tortures love-ſick ſwains;
His ampleſt field's a maſquerade,
Here are his various gambols play'd,
His pleaſures and his pains.

Let ſerious mortals, ſeeming wiſe,
The humors of the night deſpiſe,
And jollity upbraid;
What harm one night a maſk to wear?
Moſt wear a maſk throughout the year;
The world's a maſquerade.

Could we but ſee the little great,
And e'en the rulers of the ſtate,
  Without a maſk before them;
Deluded crowds no more would bow;
With open'd eyes, they'd wonder how
  They could ſo long adore them.

At White's maſk'd ball let this fam'd ſet
Political chicane forget,
  And leave their maſks behind them;
Each be himſelf—but leſt they err,
Let me point out each character,
  As Nature firſt deſign'd them.

Firſt, then, let —— a juggler be,
With ſervile ——, as deputy,
  To aid his maſter's cheat;
Let him, as uſual, then diſplay,
His cups and balls in full array,
  The engines of deceit.

Then let him on the table place
A ſurplus million to your face,
  To prove his wonders done;
But whilſt you look with longing eyes,
The heaps all vaniſh from your eyes,
  The fancy'd million's gone.

What

What ſhall we give to S——y's lot,
Since Tommy T———d's name's forgot,
Nor Commons now confute him;
He's chang'd his coat, and broke his oaths,
Then let him come in *Clincher*'s cloaths,
Tom Errand ſure will ſuit him.

Let active W————d be here,
An harlequin will ſuit the peer,
He'll caper at direction;
From Holyhead to Dublin now
A leap he takes—and you'll allow
That's leaping in perfection.

Since D——t's duke can vainly hope
With youth and beauty ſtill to *Cope*,
Nor ſingle longer tarry;
Sir Peter Teazle be his due,
Conſider he is fifty-two,
"And that 's too old to marry."

Let B———e, as an uſher, ſpeak
Trite, common, hackney'd ſcraps of Greek,
To ſhew his wond'rous learning;
Demoſthenes he's ſtudy'd o'er,
This dubb'd him ſuch an orator,
This made him ſo diſcerning.

Some have by time their natures chang'd,
Their former politics derang'd,
Nor is the fact uncommon;
The names of Whig and Tory end,
Time has made Wilkes a monarch's friend,
And C———n an old woman !!!

But my tir'd muſe can ne'er deſcribe
The whole of P—t's ſubmiſſive tribe,
Nor will I call for aid;
Oh! may they keep their proper ſphere,
Ne'er may the ſervile crew appear
At *Wargrave* Maſquerade.

The chit-chat of his table was uncommonly pleaſant; I have heard as many witticiſms uttered there, around the bottle, as I ever did in any other company, though I have been intimate with the moſt brilliant perſonages that have exiſted for the laſt twenty years; each was ready with his *jeu d' eſprit*, and thoſe often created moſt merriment that were leaſt meritorious; there was juſt enough of ceremony obſerved to make us fearleſs of inſult, yet not enough to act coercively on the ſportiveneſs of the imagination; every gentleman made free with his neighbour to a certain degree, and each conſidered *good humor*

humor as the watch-word of Feſtivity; the extent of almoſt every inmate's capacity was meaſured on ſome ſudden occaſion, as it was a part of Lord Barrymore's character to be inſtantaneous in his reſolutions, and make a public demand for a general trial of ſkill, when the parties required to perform were leaſt ſuſpicious of any ſimilar intention.

He had fitted up apartments at his houſe at Wargrave in a very handſome manner, which were to have been appropriated for my uſe, as it was his intention to have paſſed a great part of his time there in writing, painting, &c.; we were to have publiſhed a periodical paper from thence, in imitation of the Spectator, and had made ſome progreſs in a comedy, which was to have been finiſhed conjointly; he was to have *made* the play, and I was to have *written* the dialogue; to thoſe who are not acquainted with the purſuits of Dramatiſts, this may appear as a diſtinction without a difference, but to thoſe who are, it is ſtrictly proper—the late Doctor Goldſmith told Mr. Quick, the Comedian, when diſcourſing upon his play of *She Stoops to Conquer*, that there was a diſcouraging truth between Mr. Murphy and him: "My "friends," ſaid the Doctor, "will flatter me into the "idea, that I am a good play writer, but they ſhall never

"perſuade

" perſuade me, that I am a good play maker; now Mur-
" phy is, unqueſtionably, a good play maker, but at the
" ſame time I will not be underſtood as meaning that
" he is not a good play writer alſo."

Lord Barrymore's taſte for the *belle lettres* was known to all who knew him, but his taſte for the arts was not ſo frequently conſpicuous; I will affirm, that no diſciple of any artiſt ever promiſed to do more by the ſpecimen of his rare talent: he and I painted his arms, creſt, motto, and a variety of comical devices, upon that part of the harneſs which covers the foreheads of the horſes. I would not have given myſelf ſo much trouble for any other gentleman for one hundred guineas; yet it is probable they may now be ſold to ſome indiſcriminating booby, or ſtable keeper, who will careleſsly deface our labours with as little ceremony as he would the decalogue, if inſcribed in characters he could not comprehend.

I did not think him a keen ſportſman, he was too impatient of gratification in all his movements, to excel in thoſe where fatigue and patience are equally required to enſure ſucceſs:—he was a bold rider, but not a uniformly bold hunter; he has ſometimes retreated from leaps, which his aſſociates have made. I have ſeen him plunge

plunge with his horſe into the Thames, and ſwim to the other ſide; and a few days after heſitate to fly over a ſmall hedge!

On the demiſe of his grandmother, the late Counteſs of HARRINGTON, a whimſical, though ſerious incident occurred at Eton ſchool, the head maſter of which was particularly requeſted to break out the diſagreeable news of the lady's death to her grandſon, as tenderly and progreſſively as poſſible:—the method adopted by the learned principal was ſingular and appropriate: he called Lord BARRYMORE to him in the ſchool-room, with an air of ſevere authority, and after queſtioning him upon the articles of his ſtudy, deſired him to conſtrue a part of Virgil, at the concluſion of which, he rejoined abruptly, "Your grandmother's ill, my "Lord!"—then made his pupil proceed with another paſſage, at the end of which he muttered, in a lower key, "She is very ill, my Lord!" "I am extremely "ſorry to hear that, Doctor;" replied the noble Tyro, and read another part of his author, when the claſſic chief interrupted him, by a declaration, that ſhe was dying. "Dying!" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed boy. "Come, come, ſhe is dead," concluded the maſter, "now you know the worſt, go to your place, my Lord, "and make the beſt of an irretrievable misfortune."

As

As a Britiſh ſubject, he felt as a Briton ſhould: in the preſent conflict of political opinions, he was apprehenſive of the over-ſtretched violences of either party: he was firmly attached to freedom, but dreaded the effects of licentiouſneſs: he thought with every wiſe and good man in the realm, that without a due regard for the intereſts of ſubordination, we ſhould become ſavage, miſerable, and untractable—his great ſentiment was, that liberty, corrected by reaſon, ſhould be the governing principle of mankind—his viſion was fatigued with dwelling upon the features of Inconſtancy—he began to ſee, what all will know, that Vice is neither beautiful or bliſsful:—he found, like Socrates, that a ſmall manſion will contain thoſe whom a thinking man can eſteem: he had no conviction of univerſal admiration being neceſſary to individual felicity—he aimed to reach happineſs by the ſhorteſt road, and occaſionally walked over his neighbour's field when, in ſtrict juſtice, he ſhould have journeyed in the common path.

When we were ſeriouſly diſcourſing, a few months ſince, at Salt Hill, he aſked me if I did not think it extraordinary, that actors were not more unequivocally admitted to the privileges of gentlemen, eſpecially as it was imagined by the moſt critical individuals, that it required a greater portion of combined merit to excel upon

upon the ſtage, than in any other profeſſional department of life?—Had he not been a nobleman, and conſequently excluded from embracing any profeſſion, connected with vulgar reſponſibility, I think his genius would have propelled him to have aſſumed the ſock, and perſonify the clowns and wags of Thalia.—He was accuſtomed to ſpeak with rapture of the unembarraſſed elegance of Mrs. Abington, and the bewitching graces of Mrs. Jordan *.—He had a great perſonal friendſhip for the elder and the younger Banniſter, Mr. Johnſtone, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Williames, Mr. Munden,

* There has been evidently an ungenerous and active confederacy of potent perſons lately to reduce, if not deſtroy, the profeſſional reputation of Mrs. JORDAN; if it proceeds from any ladies belonging to the Theatre, I have only to obſerve, that I regret their abhorrence of an inimitable rival ſhould drive them to ſuch extremities of meanneſs; if it proceeds from any man or men, I ſhould conſider him or them as particularly debaſed by ſuch unworthy proceedings. I ſhould not, perhaps, have been ſo particular in my expreſſions of diſguſt and contempt, at theſe oppreſſive meaſures, if the parties concerned had not endeavored to make me an accomplice in the miſchief, by ſending ſome malignant paragraphs, with ſeveral guineas incloſed, for the purpoſe of defaming and cruſhing Mrs. JORDAN: but I tore the M. S. with indignation; and the perſons intereſted may have their intended bribe returned, by producing the initials affixed to the incloſing note, at my lodgings.—Yet why ſhould I attempt to be energetic on a ſubject, to which the public ſeem wholly indifferent?—They have witneſſed the baniſhment of an ABINGTON with unconcern, and would the expulſion of a JORDAN and a BILLINGTON. The public appetite for theatricals is depraved, and digeſts oaten bread with content, while there is wheaten flour to be procured in the market!!!

and Mr. Edwin, the laſt of whom he particularly noticed and protected, for his filial piety, and dutiful generoſity towards his mother, when ſhe became widowed and unhappy.

In his commerce and deportment, among the more pure orders of the female world, he did not ſeem, as he uſed to phraſe it himſelf, completely *at home!* all he had read and obſerved, taught him to know, that young men are moſt critically ſituated, with regard to reputation, when ſurrounded with the tittering Spinſter and the experienced Matron!—the playfulneſs of freedom will give offence to the graver half, and yet not to be wantonly free, will engender ridicule in the reſt: from this unpleaſant entanglement of propriety and impropriety, he too frequently hurried to thoſe Cyprian temples, where all language and manner is judged by the ſimple inſtitutes of nature.

He appeared more ſolicitous about living merrily, than living long:—he exclaimed with the Lyriſt,

> Happy's the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call to-day his own:
> He who ſecure within himſelf can ſay,
> To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day:
> Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
> The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of Fate, are mine:
> Not Heaven itſelf upon the paſt has power,
> But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Good

Good Humor had not a more firm adherent in being; his ſuavity, like beauty, bore the moſt powerful recommendation of the object poſſeſſing it! he diffuſed gaiety around him wherever he came, and chaſed Melancholy from the ſocial field; he held it as an axiom, that a diſpoſition to pleaſe your neighbour is the beſt ſuſtenance for the nobler virtues: to be a hypocrite, was with him to be abominable: as *Salluſt* ſaid of *Cato*, "he was "more anxious to be good, than to appear ſo." There is not a tablet in my memory that is not impreſſed with the ſemblance of ſome kindneſs he has done me! and if ever I forget him (to quote myſelf, not Lord THURLOW) may Heaven forget me.

As appearances are ſo indubitably concurrent to the maintenance of vulgar eſtimation, it frequently made me regret when he ſacrificed the accuſtomed modes annexed to peculiar ſituations of reciprocity, under the conſciouſneſs of his deſerving well from all. While the knaviſh and the mean can glide ſmoothly along the interſecting paths of life by the mere aid of a placid viſage and formal expreſſion, the impaſſioned offspring of Honor ſhall have their intentions queſtioned, and their movements decried; as they have not condeſcended to be preciſely marſhalled in their actions by the dictates of Hypocriſy—as it appears, from the common

iſſue of circumſtances, that we muſt either deceive or be deceived, the wily and the fallacious will ever be more temporally ſucceſsful than the undeſigning and the direct! Half the evils of our ſyſtem are dependant upon our diſregard of contingencies; and by this impolitic neglect he was too often rendered uncomfortable, if not unhappy. The publicity of his movements, like the Sun, gave to all the power of knowing when a cloud reduced his emanation.

He rather ſmiled at the aims of a politician, than wiſhed to become one himſelf by ardent practice; the diſputes that agitate the world were with him almoſt irrelative to his peace, his hope, or his ambition. When he read *Machiavel*, *Monteſquieu*, *Locke*, *Sydney*, or *Smith*, it was rather with a view to protect himſelf from the impoſitions of Prejudice, than to become a principal in the ſenatorial war!—I never heard him make but one declaration of a propoſed duty he meant to fulfil in Parliament; and that was, to give his vote and ſpeak in favor of Mr. HASTINGS, whenever that vote and argument could contribute to his enfranchiſement or conſolation; as he believed him, from an attentive retroſpect of events, to be the moſt aggrieved man in exiſtence.

His munificence was ruinous; the treaſury of *Cræſus* would

would not have been equal to the completion of his ideas: but it was the effuſion of a noble ſpirit, that panted to do more than man, with only mortal means. Good ſenſe was ſo mingled with his errors, that half their deformities were obliterated to the mental viſion of an obſerver. During the Aſcot Heath races in 1791, he prepared two banquets for the PRINCE OF WALES, which coſt him ſeventeen hundred guineas, but his Royal Highneſs was not a partaker of either; to the firſt came only Lord BARRYMORE and Mr. FRANCO; to the other, Lord FALKLAND and myſelf! When he firſt went to Eton ſchool, he carried one thouſand pounds in his pocket; this meaſure was the unqualified and weak indulgence of a too fond grandmother, and probably created thoſe extravagant wiſhes which were ultimately ſo detrimental to his fortune.

Had he bequeathed me any legacy (which I am confident he would, had not his power of thought and action been ſo miſerably abridged) my commendations of his principles and manners ſhould have been more limited; but I aſſuredly may indite every thing conſiſtent with truth now, without incurring the imputation of lauding from any unworthy motive. Among the malignant many who would be happy to ſtigmatize ſuperior beings, there are thoſe who wiſh even to inſult the aſhes of

of my departed friend: but to paſs through exiſtence without having a malevolent mob eager to miſrepreſent your purſuits, and vilify your integrity, is to paſs through exiſtence without any prominent feature of greatneſs, or determination as to what you will admit as good, and what as evil.

The inconveniencies which Lord Barrymore too frequently felt, aroſe, principally, from his having been uſhered into life too ſoon—ere the judgment was ſufficiently powerful to take proper cognizance of his action: but faults committed at ſuch a period are to be compenſated for by Time—the midway follies of youth ſhould be inſcribed with periſhable matter, and mentioned with an accompanying ſentiment of charity. I have often heard, and in ſome ſort believe, that the worſt old men have been thoſe who were unremittingly diſcreet in their youth: if juvenility refuſes the paſſions fair play, the nature of the man will ſeldom be accordant with generoſity. He never entered into any ſcene of party-coloured ſociety, as many do, prediſpoſed to be miſerable, but predetermined to be happy. Our leading propenſities are natal, and almoſt as difficult to be reſiſted as the enjoyment of our ſenſes.

I have not known any great or publicly-marked character who could deſcend to the cold manſions of the grave

grave without having his moſt eſtimable points doubted, and his attributes miſplaced and perverted, by the cunning, though baneful efforts of Envy; they have all had their partial admirers, and their partial defamers—been loved, pitied, honored, deſpiſed, and mourned! I believe, if a man were to ſhut himſelf up from the peery eye of Obſervation in an inacceſſible mountain, that if his name ſhould become the theme of ſocial enquiry, there are many who would loquaciouſly give his hiſtory, though they never had his acquaintance; and that the bulk of mankind would eagerly give currency to a chain of falſhoods that were fabricated by Officiouſneſs, and indorſed by Slander.

The firſt Friday in every month a jocund party met him at the Roſe Inn in *Oakingham;* this meeting was called, 'The *Foreſt* Catch Club,' and was productive of much harmony and conviviality, to both of which he contributed in an eminent degree. Nearly every *bon vivant* in the metropolis, the vocal performers of the theatres, and the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, were members of this aſſociation.

About eighteen months ſince he gave a conſiderable ſum of money to build a room at *Reading*, for the purpoſe of debating upon a pre-mentioned ſubject; where a numerous

a numerous company met every Monday evening: the principal ſpeakers were, Lord Barrymore, Mr. Anneſley, Mr. Finch, Mr. Fawkes, &c. At ſome of theſe trials of oratorical ſkill, I have heard him as logically demonſtrative as any of the veteran ſenators in the ſecond and third eſtates of the realm.

He paſſed every ſummer at Brighthelmſtone, in company with the Prince, the Duke of York, Duke and Ducheſs De Pienne, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. where he was the ſprightly genius of the place; his preſence gave ſpirit to all parties, and his converſation made the apathized attentive. In 1791 he became enamoured with Miſs PONSONBY, an enviable beauty, nearly allied to the houſes of Devonſhire and Beſborough: to this lady he paid the moſt ſcrupulous and delicate attention, and it was the general rumor that Hymen would make an illuſtrious addition to his votaries, by this intercourſe:—I have reaſon to believe that Lord Barrymore was not wholly indifferent in the eyes of his peerleſs miſtreſs, but the affair was unluckily broke off, perhaps, in conſequence of a parental inveſtigation of the pecuniary circumſtances of the impaſſioned nobleman, which, it muſt be confeſſed, were at that epoch in ſuch a deranged ſtate, as made it very difficult to reduce them to either certainty or order.

A few

A few days previous to his extinction, Mr. POWNEY, lieutenant colonel of the Berkshire militia, informed his Majesty, that he had not a better officer in his regiment than Lord BARRYMORE; which information pleased the King so much, that he declared he would seize the first opportunity of promoting him!—his merit was very unrestricted; he met the exigencies of the moment with a promptitude and adequateness that has frequently astonished me:—no man has been treated with more asperity and illiberality in the diurnal prints than himself, but he constantly smiled at the incessant vindictiveness of his little enemies, who became more bold, coarse, and intolerable, in proportion as he was nobly passive and unheeding!—He did so much in honor of a certain personage, that had he not stopped short in his career, I fear the consequence would have debased himself. Besides, it did not appear to me, that the august object of his devotion, had a clear and full sense of all the young and spirited *Mæcenas* intended! and to do a favor, and not have it well understood, is somewhat mortifying to an obliging spirit: but the conspicuous gentleman was then supposed to be unaccountably entangled and floundering in the net of a lovely *Bacchante*, more noticeable for the captivation of her song, than the continence of her sentiment.

The *allures* of ſelf-eſtimation, ſo commonly hurtful to young men in general, never debauched his thought: he did not even appear to *think* himſelf entitled to commendation!—our intimacy commenced by his requiring me to furniſh him with poetry and colloquy for his varied amuſements; but I found him ſo eſtimable and miſtaken, that I rejected every attempt on his part, to give me a pecuniary reward, that I might the more effectually fulfil the character of his monitor, which I firmly exerciſed whenever I diſcovered him inclined to enact what I imagined would be injurious to his dignity:—on one of theſe occaſions, I rebuked ſo freely ſome miſcreant ſycophants who were impelling him to inſult a worthy clergyman and his family, that I laid the foundation of one of the moſt deſperate and foul conſpiracies that ever was formed to aſſaſſinate a *lame* man; but when I pinned the principal down to a ſerious trial of his manhood, his cowardice was equal to his cruelty; I *challenged*, *poſted*, and *diſhonored* him!—the meaner but more perfidious ruffians aiding in this inhuman affray, have eluded juſtice, as by this violent and deciſive meaſure I had offended againſt thoſe laws which a wiſer man would have reſorted to in the firſt inſtance, for an ample and complete redreſs.

In

In the various rencounters in which I have been engaged, from my virtue and my intemperance (and I have had my ſhare) I have never been ſo dangerouſly purſued and environed, as by thoſe ungenerous and unmanly reptiles, who became my implacable foes, in conſequence of my ſteady oppoſition to their dirty and degrading labour to feed his improprieties, that they might, through that medium, make an inroad in his purſe. His connection with Mrs. H———s, was ſuggeſted, negociated, and ſettled by Mr. ———, for which very reputable ſervice he received fifty guineas;—the lady had eight hundred:—to prevent unneceſſary trouble, the arrangements were thus made by the officious Mercury, and duly obſerved by the parties; the lady was to be driving her phæton on the Hammerſmith road, at a particular hour, when Lord Barrymore was to ride up, ſay ſome civil things, and intreat the honor of driving her to the place of deſtination. This anecdote Lord Barrymore indignantly and warmly told me, in the preſence of ſeveral gentlemen, in conſequence of the ignoble wretch alluded to, having had the folly and audacity to requeſt, that my name might be eraſed from the Claret Club, becauſe he felt that I conſtantly treated him with ſupreme ſcorn.

A very appoſite inſtance of his quickneſs of conception and epigrammatic powers, happened a few meetings ſince at Newmarket: he had made a conſiderable engagement with the Duke of Bedford, the conditions of which were, that a horſe belonging to another gentleman ſhould be matched with one belonging to the Duke, and run the next day: but in this proceeding, Lord Barrymore had reckoned without his hoſt, for on communicating the buſineſs to the third perſon, he refuſed his aſſent to the meaſure; as it was a play or pay match, Lord Barrymore was preparing in the Jockey Club to diſcharge the obligation, when the Duke very good-naturedly propoſed, that if Lord Barrymore would make a ſong upon his unaccommodating aſſociate, the firſt letter of each line comprehending the name of the party, with the annexed term of eſquire, and the place of his abode in town, he would let him off from the obligation of payment:—Lord Barrymore immediately acceded to the propoſal, wrote the ſong required, and ſung it before the Club, who heard it with rapture and applauſe.—I regret, that from conſiderations of delicacy towards the gentleman in queſtion, I am prevented from inſerting this poignant compoſition; as it would not only do honor to my departed friend, but afford general pleaſure from its numerous witty and well-managed points.

It

It was a remarkable declaration made by *Saint Evremond*, "That the laſt ſighs of a pretty woman, were "more for the loſs of her beauty than her life."—And had Lord BARRYMORE been ſenſible at the moment, previous to his paſſing that bourn from whence no traveller returns, I am certain, that his laſt ſighs would have been more for not having matured his reputation, than for the forfeiture of his being!—to ſpeak truly, he was too fond of procraſtination; and though activity was his primary characteriſtic, yet that activity was diſplayed more in the whim of the moment, than the important demands which the underſtanding ſhould make upon the minor faculties.

He always appeared to me, in principle, as a moſt honorable man, but never more than by his uniform reſiſtance to the verbal degradation of the abſent or the unfortunate: his large heart would ſwell with anger, when he perceived the ſubtleties of reſentment tending to the depreſſion of the defenceleſs——he well underſtood that the reputation of the beſt might be injured by the machinations of the worſt, and conſequently drew an inference, in which the evidence of ill-nature was ſoftened by the intervening delicacy of his own diſpoſition. His forbearance, where he had the powers of puniſhment, always pleaſed me:—the larger portion of human

human nature affect to be ſurpriſed that puiſſant men are tyrants; for my part I am always ſurpriſed when ſuch men are not ſo, yet not from any love of deſpotiſm, but becauſe I know our infirmities and aptitudes impel us, almoſt irreſiſtibly, to be what we ſhould not, and take advantage of every incident to eſtabliſh a confeſſed ſuperiority.

It was a celebrated axiom with an antient prince, that we have two ſouls, one leading us to vice, and the other to purity:—there are many living now who do not entirely reject the Roſicruſian ſyſtem, and believe that we are forced into action by the adminiſtration of a ſupernatural and intermediate miniſter!—it requires ſome faith of this tendency to reconcile the variety of habitudes that conſtitute the human character, but more eſpecially as it appears ſubtly incongruous in artificial life.—Yet I only admit theſe curvettings of thought, as the ramifications or diminutive branches of principle, as the root itſelf is ſteady and immutable. Virtue, like the temperature of the blood, is equally propelling, invigorating and warm, in the frigid and the torrid zone. —Lord BARRYMORE has frequently exhibited all the imbecilities of youth in the morning, and all the goodneſs of a reflecting ſage in the evening, with this impolitical variation, that the rude million could gaze upon

upon his improprieties, as they were uſually committed in the blaze of day, but could not take cognizance of his deeds of pitying ſympathy, as he hid them moſt cunningly from the general eye.—In his very boyiſh days, he had received ſome kindneſſes, at Wargrave, from a brave, learned, weather-beaten old ſoldier, Captain JOSIAS TAYLER; ſeveral years had elapſed ſince the little attentions had been enacted (but they were properly felt and properly remembered) when he underſtood that this Beliſarius of the village, had been arreſted for debt, torn from his numerous family, and confined in the King's Bench Priſon: the unwelcome news touched the benevolent chord of his heart like electricity; he flew to the priſon, and made an immediate tender of his pocket-book, to liquidate the debt, and reſtore him to his wife and children; a propoſal which Captain TAYLER gratefully rejected, as the ſuit was oppreſſive and unjuſt. Though Lord BARRYMORE was baffled in this generous effort, he contrived, with becoming delicacy, to make ſuch an arrangement as rendered the captive gentleman's ſituation leſs inconvenient and leſs afflictive!

He ſeemed naturally inclined to the peruſal of romances, and I believe he read the Arabian Nights Entertainments and *Les Contes de Boccace* oftener than any other

other publication. He has affirmed to me, that if his religious prejudices had been conſonant with the church of Rome, he would have paid for maſſes having been ſaid to tranquilize the ſpirits of thoſe defunct authors whoſe works had made the living happy. This was the ſentiment of a comprehenſive and illuſtrious mind, indirectly oppoſing the ridiculouſneſs of monkiſh cuſtoms, but maintaining the eſſence of remunerative gratitude.

DELPINI told us a Venetian ſtory, which he aſſerted to be literally true, and which Lord Barrymore meant partially to introduce in a pantomime—the events were theſe: in the neighbourhood of St. Mark's there reſided a paſtry-cook, who became very rich in conſequence of ſelling ſmall meat pies, the flavor and zeſt of which were uncommonly gratifying; they were ſought for ſo eagerly through the republic, that the man could not find materials to make a number adequate to the general demand. Various were the conjectures as to the contents of thoſe pies; ſome thought they were veal, ſome ortolans, and others imagined there might be a mixture of both; every baker endeavoured to make ſimilar luxuries, but all failed. During the progreſs of this man's culinary fame, it was obſerved, that many children had been loſt in the city; it was a matter, at laſt, of public conſternation; the police did all they could to diſcover

diſcover their retreat, but in vain, and the ſtreets were crouded with bewailing mothers. At length it pleaſed Heaven to unravel the myſterious evil. One of theſe pies being opened at the table of a ſenator, the joint of a child's finger was found amidſt the paſtry. This diſcovery created a common horror; and the idea inſtantly occurred, that the baker was the monſter who had entrapped and deſtroyed the miſſing infants: a party of ſoldiers were immediately ordered to examine the premiſes, when, after a long ſearch by torch-light, they could find no other proof to juſtify the preſumed guilt, and were on the eve of departure; when ſuddenly one of their party diſappeared and they could not find where, until they ſeized the baker by the throat, and threatened him with inſtant death if he did not ſhew them where their companion was enveloped; the wretch complied, and led them to a ſliding trap-door, which covered a deep and gloomy vault, upon which he had heedleſsly ſtepped, and been ſwallowed up; they deſcended by means of a bucket, and found the ſoldier, ſtretched upon the bodies of various dead children, recently maſſacred. Upon this unerring teſtimony of the diaboliſm, ſavageneſs, and enormity of the cook and his family, the ſenate ordered the doors and windows of the houſe to be chained and barred, and ſurrounded with the army;

who joyfully ſet fire to the building, which, with all in it, was conſumed to the ground, and an obeliſk raiſed upon the aſhes, ſignificant of the atrocity and the conflagration.

Lord BARRYMORE had ſome ſecret enemy or enemies, who have been moſt actively malignant even ſince his powers of offending Inſignificance have been arreſted by the chilly minions of Death! they would (if they could) have purſued him to the tomb, and ſhamefully inſulted thoſe atoms, which in a ſtate of action, never permitted an inſult to be perpetrated without a conſequent repellant: the method they adopted was, by fabricating falſe and obnoxious paragraphs, and ſending them to the newſ-papers anonymouſly, accompanied with a conſiderable *douceur;* but the moſt virulent articles have been kindly ſent to me, and the vipers have been biting a file: they were ſo licentious in tendency, that had any been incautiouſly inſerted, it would have ſubjected the printer to a heavy and painful retribution.—He might have replied to his calumniators like the Grecian cynic: Diogenes was accuſed by ſome worthleſs fellows of having been originally a coiner of baſe money, to which inſolent accuſation he made the following dignified reply —"It is poſſible for me to have been what you are, but "you can never be what I am."

HIS

HIS MONEY CONCERNS.

The periodical publications have teemed with paragraphs, aſſerting, that large aſſurances were made upon the life of Lord BARRYMORE, and that three years ſince thoſe books of the funds were cloſed with reſpect to him: the unvarniſhed fact is, that at the time of his Lordſhip's death, no inſurance was made at any public office, or with any private under-writer, for any ſum of money, unleſs it was ſomething very inconſiderable indeed; for I ſpeak from indiſputable authority, that the annuities which had been granted by Lord BARRYMORE were all paid off previous to his death. His annuities amounted to about two thouſand pounds per year; Lord FIELDING and Mr. HUGH WHITE were his ſecurities for two hundred pounds annually; Lord BARRYMORE paid that off about five months ſince. Mr. DAVIS paid ſix thouſand pounds to Mr. SIMMONDS, in diſcharge of an annuity of one thouſand a year, at the ſame period. Mr. BULLOCK paid off an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. WATTS; and Mr. COLLINS, in the ſame month, diſ-

charged an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds granted to Mrs. ROFFEY. Theſe are the whole of the annuities ever granted by Lord BARRYMORE, and being all liquidated, the policies were, conſequently, cancelled. His Lordſhip had raiſed, previous to his death, one hundred and thirty thouſand pounds, by way of mortgage, for the purpoſe of diſcharging all ſpecial debts; and the principal part of the unſatisfied creditors had taken ſecurities upon the equity of redemption of his Lordſhip's eſtate, payable, with five *per cent.* intereſt, at the expiration of ten years. To this ſecurity every fair creditor might accede; and the majority readily aſſented to the meaſure, and with very great juſtice to themſelves, as the ſecurity is ample, and the letter of it will be duly fulfilled: perhaps, with leſs diſcretion than generoſity, his Lordſhip only looked at the ſum total, and gave them in full *whatever* they charged, as a ſort of compenſation for their having waited beyond the allotted time of credit for their money. I will venture to aſſert with confidence, and I challenge any to diſprove the aſſertion, that very few men have ever quitted the world ſo little in debt as Lord BARRYMORE, whoſe expences were ſo unlimited; and it may be ſome conſolation to the unſatisfied claimants of the late Earl of BARRYMORE to know, that there is ſufficient perſonal

perſonal property to anſwer the few demands that can be made. As this ſtatement is fair and undeniable, how contemptible, how villainous, how ſatanic is it to load the character of this unfortunate, this excellent young nobleman, with opprobrium, and that opprobrium erected on a falſe baſis. But who can reſtrain the dirty movements of Traduction and Illiberality?

The readineſs with which he pardoned an injury was eminently expreſſive of the tenderneſs and philanthropy of his diſpoſition; he ſcarcely required any humiliation on the part of the offender: but the pleaſure ariſing from the forgiveneſs of another's weakneſs is one of thoſe calm tranſports totally incomprehenſible to little minds.—A few years previous to Mr. HUME's death, a woman called repeatedly upon him, at his houſe in Edinburgh, and deſired, with great earneſtneſs, to be admitted to his preſence. At length Mr. HUME complied with her requeſt, when ſhe reproved him with great bitterneſs for his aſcribed infidelity, and gravely aſſured him, that he would inevitably be damned if he did not reform. Mr. HUME liſtened with much patience until ſhe had finiſhed her exhortation, and then enquired who ſhe was, and finding that her huſband kept a tallow-chandler's ſhop, the good-humored philoſopher told her, that in recompence for her kind intention, he would

would buy his candles at her ſhop during the remainder of his life, and then diſmiſſed his female reprover. A man of leſſer genius would have been angry on ſuch an occaſion; but Mr. HUME, like Lord BARRYMORE, was accuſtomed to think of error with pity.

At the laſt general election he ſtood candidate to repreſent the borough of Reading, in Berkſhire; and though his nomination took place but two days before the poll commenced, ſo much was he eſteemed and beloved by the inhabitants, that he only loſt the conteſt by a very inconſiderable majority on the part of his opponent Mr. NEVILLE, who had been their former member. This muſt be conſidered as a great compliment to his perſonal worthineſs, when the reſpectability of his adverſary is taken into the ſcale of thought.

He was the beſt gentleman coachman and jockey in the kingdom. I have been frequently conveyed by him, in his phæton and four, over croſs roads in the country, in the middle of the night, when it has been ſo dark that we could ſcarcely perceive the leaders; but ſo great was my reliance on his ſkill, that I was never apprehenſive of any diſagreeable accident; nor was he, though remarkably alarmed if driven faſt in a hackney chaiſe by the poſt-boys of an inn: he had been overſet in a common chaiſe in Wargrave, with Mr. HARRIS

and

and Mr. TAYLOR, who were much bruiſed, and it did not appear from his conſequent cautions, that the diſcomfiture had been wholly obliterated from his recollection.

When I firſt had the honor of viſiting Lord Barrymore, he ſeemed too much abſorbed in the pitiful but calamitous ſpecies of ambition, of

DOING THINGS IN STYLE.

The magnificent blandiſhments, graces, and faſcination, which have marked the ſplendid career of the PRINCE OF WALES, have made him the innocent cauſe of much diſtreſs to many.—Lord Barrymore was not wholly uninfected by this imitative *mania;* but it ſhould be conſidered, that what may be proper for the heir apparent may not be neceſſary for the ſubject.—I have heard that the Prince has adopted many ſeeming extravagances in the article of dreſs, for the noble purpoſe of promoting trade, which it would have been a ſort of lunacy for many of his admirers to have literally copied.—I am ſo diſguſted with the phraſe of *living in ſtyle*, that I never hear it applied to any now, without inſtantly concluding that the parties are wilfully ſcudding into the embraces of private ruin or public ſhame!—

this

this intoxicating influence coſt poor H———e his life, and P———e his reputation:——and the great miſery annexed to the idea, ariſes from the painful knowledge, that it infects all degrees of ſociety, from Groſvenor-ſquare to Bevis Marks.—If we reconnoitre around us, how ludicrous, and how remote from common ſenſe, are the purſuits of all!

This phraſe, though in common uſe among all ranks of people, is not generally underſtood: as the various ſituations of the *ſtyliſh*, make them differ materially in their various ways of obtaining local pre-eminence over their neighbours.

The DUCHESS thinks, that *living in ſtyle*, conſiſts in breakfaſting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at Faro till four in the morning, ſupping at five, and going to her dormitory at ſix!—to have a *bidet* in warm weather, and green peas in January:—in making a half curtſy at the creed, and a whole curtſy to a ſcoundrel:—In wearing a ſix months pad*, tacitly reflective

* In conſequence of the preſent prepoſterous rage among our ſpinſters for abdominal protuberances, the following advertiſement extraordinary appeared in the WORLD on the firſt of April:—

PADDY,
(HIS NAME BEHIND THE DOOR)

ORIGINAL Patentee of the preſent faſhionable PADS, begs leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that he has juſt compleated an

reflective on her Lord's powers—and emptying a ſhew-glaſs at GRAY'S to dazzle rural gentility!—in giving fifty pounds to an exotic Capon, for a pit ticket, and treating the claims of a parental actor of Britain with ſcorn—to ſeem ignorant of the Moſaic law, and liſp to accompliſh ſingularity—to laugh when ſhe ſhould weep, and weep when ſhe ſhould be merry—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, yet wiſh half of them extinguiſhed in the ſame inſtant—to name the community with diſreſpect, and think the ſacrament a *bore!*

The DUKE imagines he *does things in ſtyle*, by paying all debts of honor, and few honorable debts—by being liberal in a public ſubſcription to a perſon he never

an extenſive and curious aſſortment of LADIES PADS, happily adapted to all Ages and Sizes, and imitating the picturesque forms of Pregnancy in all its months.

As ſeveral ignorant perſons have taken upon them to ſell Pads, pretended to be PADDY'S, he thinks it proper to inſert this caution; his real Pads may be eaſily known from others, as being the cloſeſt Imitation of Nature, and by ſome thought even to go beyond it.

PADDY'S ware is ſo artfully contrived, that the gender of the fœtus may be known by the deception. Thoſe Ladies who are Batavian built muſt pay in proportion.

His much-approved TWIN PADS for Court Dreſs, may be had as uſual. Good allowance to Boarding Schools, or to thoſe who take quantities. Ladies in the country may be accommodated by ſending their Dimenſions and good Bills at ſight.

N. B. Old Pads repaired by the year or month. Alſo bought or exchanged.

*** Wanted an aſſiſtant in the Pad Line. A Lad of good Morals will be preferred.

ſaw, and harſh and uncomplying to a private ſupplicant —by leaving his *vis a vis* near the door of a courtezan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious biped—in uſing an optical glaſs for perſonal inſpection, though he could aſcertain the horizon without any—in counteracting Nature and Virtue in all his prejudices—in calculating the lives in the red book, and watching the importation of *figurantes* from the continent—in aſſerting that a man of faſhion is an animal privileged above retribution, and amenable only to himſelf now and for evermore—in making *ethics* and *phyſics* deſtroy each other—in conſpicuouſly entering the theatre when the performance is nearly concluded—in walking arm in arm with a ſneering jockey—in doubting if the Magi were conjurors, and burning long letters without reading their contents.

The gay PEERLING, who is barely entitled to the honors and immunities of manhood, thinks that *doing things in ſtyle*, is raiſing immenſe ſums on *poſt obiit* bonds, at the moderate premium of forty per cent:—in queering the parſon at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer book at the article of matrimony:—in being inſolent and noiſy as a *lobby lout*, at the play-houſe, when he has ſome roaring bullies at his elbow, but meek and daſtardly when alone!—in extending

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ing the dominion of Impudence, which was previouſly immenſe:—in buying a phæton at Hatchet's, as high as Pompey's pillar, and a dozen bays at Tatterſal's; to theſe he adds the ſociety of a *toniſh impure*, who publicly exhauſts his treaſure, and privately laughs at his follies—thus accoutred and accompanied, he daſhes away through Pall-Mall, St. James's-Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde-Park, amidſt the contumelies of the coxcomical, and the ſighs of the worthy.

The dapper and ſmirking MERCER, from the purleius of the Royal Exchange (whoſe father had amaſſed a competence, by the rigid obſervance of the laws of œconomy, and who tranſmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his ſon) thinks it incumbent on him, as a lad of ſpirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his *gig*, his girl, and his lodging on the ſkirts of Epping Foreſt—and as keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a reſtricted pleaſure, unleſs all the world ſaw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take BET, as he familiarly calls her, to all Boxing-matches, Camps, the Eſſex Hunt, and all the Races at Barnet, Epſom, Egham, and Aſcot Heath; and though all this racing *muſt* eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he blindly rejoices in the progreſs and acceleration of his ruin, and clapping his arms a kimbo, the miſerable

inſect laughs, ſings, ſwears, and vociferates—*Isn't this doing it in ſtyle, hey, damme?*

The GREEN GROCER in St. Giles's, who derived his important being from the auſpicious efforts of a fiſh-woman and a link-boy, cannot think of deſcending to the grave, without participating the *helegant* amuſements of the age—but as it has been ſettled by our foreſathers, that there is no quarrelling about *taſte*, perhaps we ſhould not affect ſurpriſe, when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme.—This gentleman thinks it ſupreme felicity to procure a cart and a long-eared herald of foul weather, vulgarly denominated a *Donkey;* into this vehicle he conveys three chairs, ſome geneva, hung beef, tobacco, pipes, and a tinder-box, and then mounting with his favorite Doxy, and SANDMAN JOE, drives rapidly to the *Cow and Snuffers* at Homerton, where the bliſsful group take their *whiff*, their *wet*, and their *maſtication;* chaunt *Nibbs's pound*, tip the Row-land for an Oliver, and then return in triumph, as proud as Cæſar laurelled, fumigating the element with mundungus—yet this is what he calls, *doing the thing in ſtyle.*

The ALDERMAN'S LADY thinks, that *living in ſtyle*, conſiſts in teazing her huſband to take a houſe in Port-man-Square, and bidding adieu to St. Mary-Axe for ever

ever—in *cutting* her old acquaintance, except at the City Gala on the 9th of November—in being invited to the *rout* of a Counteſs, where ſhe is exhibited as a *quiz*, or *broad-but* to the gigglers—in being pilfered of hundreds in an evening, by ſome beggarly thieves of quality, and even thinking herſelf honored by the depredation!—in always being endured but never enjoyed—in burſting from the *effluvia* of train oil, ſalt cod, and oronooko, to a modern cabinet, decorated with the amours of Adonis, and perfumed with WARREN's beſt odours—from the filthy floor of a dark counting houſe, to the preſſure of a ſuperb carpet, woven in the looms of Turkey—in buying Olympian dew to remove freckles—in going to the Italian Opera without either ears or underſtanding—in talking loud at the Play-Houſe—and eating ice in July!

The *gaudy* PAPHIAN believes, that *doing things in ſtyle*, is evinced by her being bedizened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of Paradiſe—in thinking all labor derogatory, though newly allured by Vice from a milliner's compter in Bond-Street—in taking her coffee at the Theatre in public, and her ſupper at the Bedford: in a ſedulous imitation of *Fanny Hill*, and pampering ſome low raſcal in a corner, with the wages of her iniquity—in buying her ſhoes from TAYLOR, her manteaus

teaus from HOFFMAN, and her caps from BEAUVAIS —in parading the metropolis in white ſatin ſlippers after a ſhower, and riding when the atmoſphere is ſerene and exhilirating.—Hapleſs inconſtant, thus is ſhe deluded, and thus ingulphed, till the bright ſcene changes and the ſkies lower—the dies of fortune are eventually unpropitious; ſhe throws again and again without a main—the horrid connection is formed between her animal ſpirits and her empty purſe—ſhe is detected with her illicit paramour; diſcarded by her witleſs keeper, and caſt into a dungeon by a clamorous mercer—there ſhe becomes wretched, ragged, and diſeaſed—is belched from its foul confines by an act of inſolvency—turns erratic prowler for the appetites of the beſtial, and finally periſhes, with a ſentiment of blaſphemy, in an inclement night, beneath a hulk, predamned, unpitied, and unknown.

The HABERDASHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in ſtyle*, is evident in going once a year to a maſquerade at *Runnelo*—in having her daughters taught French and filligree—in dancing a *minivet* at Pewterer's Hall—in having a good *ſitevation* in the green boxes—in going out on a Sunday in a glaſs coach—in engaging card-parties in Lent, and drinking Gunpowder tea.

The

The BUTCHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in ſtyle*, is manifeſted in putting on her beſt bib and tucker on holidays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* inſtead of a *jaſy*—in playing a rubber at *whiſk* at the White Chapel Aſſembly—in being ſtewed in a Margate Hoy in the Dog Days—in turning up her noſe at a notable houſewife—in going to Greenwich at Eaſter—in being ſworn at Highgate—in giving coniac and raſpberries to her intimates—and eating ſweet-breads every *killing-day*—

" Thus the world wags, and every new-born year,
" Produces ſights more monſtrous than the laſt."

Lord BARRYMORE ſometimes hired a mail coach and horſes, and became the charioteer himſelf. I once ſaw a party ſet off for Newmarket in the middle of the night; himſelf on the coach-box, Mr. STONE as the paſſenger, and Mr. HARRIS as the guard, equipped with piſtols, horn, and the other appendages neceſſary for ſuch nocturnal protectors of national property.

While he remained at *Rye* with his part of the regiment, he was accuſtomed to invite his brother officers, Lord CRAVEN, Mr. MORRIS, Mr. PYE, &c. to a tea party

party and cards; and ſo œconomical was he become, and ſo determined in his reſolutions of retrenching, that he ſeldom treated them with a more expenſive beverage than Holland's gin and water: this was ſurely a great revolution in the deſigns and habits of a man, who, but two years ſince, ſuffered his domeſtics to drink Rheniſh, and regale the bargemen paſſing on the Thames with Burgundy: an obſerver would then have imagined, that *Silenus* had been his Lordſhip's butler!

" Stol'n from the well-fill'd vault, the ſparkling wine
" Flow'd deep, and made the drunken pavement ſhine."

He taught me a particular language, which he aſſured me had been invented by the Ducheſs of BOLTON, who inſtructed him; its ſingularity was effected by a ſingular arrangement of one vowel and one conſonant, and by this means it was wholly unintelligible to any perſon not knowing the ſecret: many perſons have thought us talking nonſenſe, when we were really exchanging ideas often at the expence of thoſe around us.

He had the moſt contemptuous opinion of thoſe arrogant tremblers, who avoid fighting in defence of their honor, from ſelf-created ideas of ſuperiority, and attempt to make their aſſumed dignity cover their puſillanimity.

He

He had as much ſpirit as any man breathing himſelf, yet would prevent thoſe near him from fighting at all events. He told me a ſtory of a friend of his own, who went to viſit ſome relatives in Ireland, but, previous to his departure had reſolved, that no conſideration whatever ſhould induce him to fight a duel; and, though naturally irritable and irraſcible, he had, nevertheleſs, determined to ſuppreſs, if poſſible, every emotion and ſtruggle of reſentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre in Smock Alley, where two beautiful Phrynes of the metropolis laid ſiege to his affections, and being young and inflammable, and

"Full of the Tuſcan grape, and high in blood,"

he invited them both to ſup with him at his hotel on College Green. The repaſt, conſiſting of a fowl and cranberry tart, had been ſcarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him, that a jolman was below ſtairs, who called himſelf Captain Mackavanagh, and that he had ſent up word, that the lady in the flowered tabbinet was a particular frind of his, and that he muſt ſend her down to him immadiately, or he muſt meaſure ſwords with the parſon who had put ſuch an affront upon his honor as to take away his pet and his darling. "The meſſage is ſomewhat extraordinary,"

ſaid the ſtranger, "but if it muſt be ſo, it muſt; Ma-
"dam, I wiſh you a good night, give me permiſſion to
"accompany you to the door; and in your abſence
"this lady and I muſt conſole ourſelves as well as we
"can for the loſs of your agreeable ſociety." Five minutes had ſcarcely elapſed before the waiter re-appeared, and brought another meſſage from the Captain, ſignifying, that the lady below ſtairs was miſerable without her companion, Miſs Lucy, and that ſhe muſt come to her in no time. The ſtranger was very much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected ſummons, which he at firſt would not obey; but at length his prudence ſubdued his anger, and he conſented to eat his ſupper alone. He had ſcarcely ſwallowed nine mouthfuls when the waiter entered the room with a third demand from the Captain; the purport of which was, that one of the ladies longed for the boiled fowl, and the other for the cranberry tart, and as they were both in a ſtate of pregnancy, their wiſhes muſt be literally fulfilled. At this impertinent and prepoſterous requiſition the ſtranger became exceedingly enraged; he ſwore, moſt emphatically, that he would not part with his ſupper on ſuch terms for all the wh—s in the three kingdoms, or all the bullies from Cork to Antrim: but recollecting the ſolemn promiſe he had made, and being a man of his word in the ſtricteſt

ſtricteſt ſenſe, he grumblingly conſented to have the ſupper conveyed away; called for ſome water-gruel, ate it like a philoſopher, and went to bed. While he was reading the papers at breakfaſt the next morning, a raw-boned, coloſſal, cadaverous, redoubted figure, with a cockade in his hat, ſtalked into the apartment, without any preparatory meaſure, and thus addreſſed the patient traveller, in a tone of denunciation: "My "name, Sir, is Mackavanagh, and I uſed you like a "ſcoundrel laſt night." "As you are pleaſed to think "ſo, Sir," rejoined the other, "I ſhall not be ſo rude "as to contradict you." "Well, that point being "ſettled," continued the Captain, "I muſt now inform "you, that I am come to give you ſatisfaction; and as "I hear that you are a ſtranger, and may have no wea-"pons, I have brought a caſe of piſtols, ready charged, "my dear; ſo the ſooner we put an end to this affair "the better." This was beyond his endurance; they called a coach, drove to Glaſſnevin, fought, and became good friends ever after.

He told me very recently, the following anecdote, which, as it is in ſome degree illuſtrative of a very formidable legal character, I ſhall inſert: Lord TH——W meeting the late Lord Chief Baron previous to the final diſpoſal of the ſeals, he thus accoſted him; "Why I am

" informed, my Lord, that you want to ſquat your a—e " on the woolſack, and I hear that Loughborough wants " to ſquat his a—e there too; but give me leave to tell " you, my Lord, though you may be in ſuch a d——d " hurry about the matter, that neither of you will find " the ſeat ſo comfortable as you may imagine." On Lord Barrymore's appearing ſurprized that I did not laugh at his recital, I told him, that coarſe language and coarſe manners never failed to diſguſt me in any ſituation, but more particularly when the actor was eſpecially appointed to regulate the morals, and maintain the juſtice of the age.—Politeneſs is the external grace of our corrupted ſyſtem—the rigid obſervance of its inſtitutes, like the maintenance of national credit, is a general exertion for particular content.

Lord Barrymore, like Mr. Horne Tooke, had a preſentiment, that he ſhould not die a natural death; and great talents and information being attached to both names, it is to be lamented when the augurings of imagination in ſuch men are realized.

NEWMARKET.

Lord Barrymore's *entre* upon the turf was in the year 1787, when he accompanied the Ducheſs of Bolton; and the firſt racer he bought was a filly called *Yarico*, from the late Colonel O'Kelley; with this filly he made his firſt match at Newmarket, againſt a horſe of Mr. Davis's, called *Copernicus*, this match his Lordſhip won: —he engaged in the hazardous, but pleaſureable purſuits of the turf, with that ardour and ſpirit to which the natural turn of his great mind impelled him upon all occaſions.—From the haſty advances he appears to have made in the ſcience of managing a racing ſtable, and the judgment he diſplayed in the engagement of his horſes, he ſeems to have poſſeſſed a ſort of intuitive knowledge of the ſubject; it is generally underſtood, that it requires long practice and great ſkill to conduct a ſtable at Newmarket to advantage: this knowledge, however, Lord Barrymore ſoon poſſeſſed, and a few meetings made him as good a judge, and as complete a jockey, as any upon the turf!—he knew perfectly the forms of all the horſes, and made more matches, not only

only with his own horſes, but of thoſe of the other members of the Jockey Club, than any other gentleman there; he was ſyſtematically called upon to put horſes together, as the jockey phraſe expreſſes it, that is, by *handycapping*, or in other words, fixing the weight the different horſes were to carry for their age and qualifications—and in this peculiar undertaking no one was equal to Lord BARRYMORE, Mr. FOX excepted.

Lord Barrymore very ſoon encreaſed the number of his own horſes, which were purchaſed with judgment, but at a great expence: in the year 1788, we find that his Lordſhip had in his ſtable the following horſes, which he bought of Mr. Bullock: *Elm*, *Alarm*, *Jerico*, *Rockingham*, *Gray*, *Pumpkin*, *Sir Chriſtopher:* he bought alſo, *Nimble*, of Mr. Vernon: *Freenow*, *Brewer*, and *Columbine*, from Sir John Lade: *Tipſey*, *Ventilator*, *Tinker*, and *Tiffany*, from other perſons: with theſe horſes his Lordſhip gave a new life to Newmarket; not a day paſt in the meetings that he had not ſeveral engagements:—his Lordſhip bought *Rockingham* at the price of three thouſand guineas, he was avowedly the beſt horſe that had appeared at Newmarket for many years, and Lord Barrymore won a great deal of money with him—the laſt match this famous horſe ever run Lord Barrymore rode him himſelf, againſt a mare of

Mr.

Mr. Wentworth's, for 300 guineas, and won his match with great eaſe:—his Lordſhip was conſidered as the beſt gentleman rider in England; and to have the beſt judgment in this purſuit, as in moſt others in which he engaged, for in whatever he engaged he excelled.—In the year 1789, he added *Skewball* to his ſtring, which he bought of Sir John Lade;—be bought alſo *Highlander*, *Skiff*, *Tom Thumb*, *Smoke the Captain*, *Pallaſox*, and *Toſs*:—in the year 1790, we find in his Lordſhip's ſtable, *Sir Charles*, *Muſquito*, *Impudence*, *Tully*, and *Kiſs my Lady*, bought of Sir John Lade:—*Pilgrim* he bought of Mr. Bullock:—*Little Flyer*, and the two famous horſes, *Chanticlear* and *Seagul*, were purchaſed of Mr. Fox, at four thouſand guineas, with their engagements. Lord Barrymore availed himſelf of the poſſeſſion of ſuch capital horſes, and made many matches and engagements with them, and won large ſums of money. In the autumn of the year 1792, Lord Barrymore ſold *Chanticlear* to the Duke of York, for two thouſand ſeven hundred guineas, the value of the horſe was increaſed by four judicious matches made by Lord Barrymore againſt Lord Groſvenor's *Aſparagus*, for 500 guineas each. In the year 1791, his Lordſhip purchaſed of Mr. Bullock, *Moſes*, *Putt*, *Old Gold*, and *Halbert*; he bought alſo *Tree Creeper*, from Mr.

Mr. Panton, and ſeveral others. From the above liſt it will appear that no perſon ever poſſeſſed ſo many capital horſes in ſo ſhort ſpace of time as Lord Barrymore; and the curious may ſatisfy themſelves by a reference to the Racing Calendar, that no one ever managed them with more judgment, or engaged them oftener, or more ſucceſsfully.

With this great eſtabliſhment at Newmarket, and at ſo early a period of life, the punctuality with which he made his payments to the different dependants employed in and about his ſtables was wonderful, and proves inconteſtibly, that in the midſt of pleaſureable purſuits, his Lordſhip paid an uncommon attention to the happineſs of the people employed in his ſervice; this is an incontrovertible truth, which his training grooms, his riders, his boys, and the numerous tradeſmen he employed at Newmarket, muſt ſubſcribe to; and it is a bold but true aſſertion, that no gentleman with an eſtabliſhment equal to that of Lord Barrymore's at Newmarket, ever quitted the turf, leaving ſo few demands upon his executors!

Lord Barrymore was remarkably ſucceſsful at racing, and, in the iſſue, a great gainer, but thoſe advantages which he acquired upon the turf, were generally loſt in the card-room in the evening.—He was too volatile,

too

too much upon the wing of thought, to encounter the experienced players of the Macaroni-room: he betted very deep at whiſt, with the greateſt players of the preſent day; who can wonder that he was unſucceſsful when engaged againſt the attentive Duke of Bedford, the judicious Mr. Vernon, the all-comprehending Mr. Fox, and the indefatigable General Smith? His Lordſhip alſo often played at *quinze* with equally bad ſucceſs: one evening he loſt at this game two thouſand eight hundred guineas; and repeatedly very large ſums:—he did not ſufficiently conſider the diſadvantage of engaging againſt conſummate experience, and the difficulty of playing with a proſpect of ſucceſs againſt gentlemen who were in the conſtant habits of exerciſing their faculties, to derive all honorable advantages from the judicious playing of the game:—the *quinze* table at Newmarket is generally attended by Mr. Fox, General Smith, Mr. Sneyd, Mr. Church, and occaſionally by moſt of the members of the Jockey Club.

Many inſtances have occurred when accidental neglect has been productive of ſerious advantage.—During the October meeting at Newmarket, in 1791, the Duke of YORK and Lord BARRYMORE were playing the game of *All Fours* for a conſiderable ſum:—the game ſtood thus, the Duke was *five*, and Lord Barrymore

eight, conſequently the former wanted *five* points, the latter only *two*—Lord Barrymore dealt, and the Duke, who had taken a glaſs of Burgundy too much, overlooked his cards, and in a very extraordinary manner begged one, which was granted, though he held the *ace*, *deuce*, and *jack* of trumps; and Lord Barrymore the *king* and *trois*. The Duke played his *deuce*, which was won by Lord Barrymore's *trois;* who then played his *king*, which the Duke captured with his *ace*, and by that means got *all fours*, and won the party, though the odds againſt ſuch an event taking place were as ten pounds to half a crown.

It has been imagined, that he won a great ſum of money from Mr. Fox at Newmarket, in conſequence of the nervous orator's wearing poliſhed ſteel buttons on his coat, which reflected the cards in his hand.

I believe, in matching his horſes on the turf, occaſions were ſought and taken to touch his nerve of irritability; and by artfully undervaluing ſome part of his ſtud, to make him indiſcreet and inclined to back it for more than it could perform. Whenever the ſubject of *racing* was ſtarted in converſation, I ſatyrized the purſuit in terms as keen as my imagination, combined with deteſtation, could furniſh. I have known two gentlemen, very familiarly, who have both loſt vaſt ſums of money

at

at Newmarket, and who equally *boaſted* to me of the unconcern with which they diſcharged the enormous obligations; I mean Lord BARRYMORE and Mr. FULKE GREVILLE. An intimate with Lord GROSVENOR informed me very lately, that his Lordſhip had won more great bets than any member of the Jockey Club in his time; and yet, on a moderate calculation, connecting all the advantages with all the expences, he was *minus* two hundred thouſand pounds. This is running into the Devil's Ditch with a vengeance!

Yet all this apparent madneſs—theſe interſecting flights from the Sweating-room to the Betting-poſt: from Ditch-in to the Four Mile Courſe; and finally, to the caſtle of Suicide, *Banco Regis*, or the Bilboes, may anſwer ſome ſalutary end which Reaſon cannot deſcry!—perhaps it is an intellectual probation expedient for future purpoſes.—We are all obliged to be adheſive with the Devil in ſome way or other; the only difference is, that the knaviſh are empowered to ride upon his back, while the meek and the deſerving are compelled to pull him by the tail!

Newmarket and its *ſports*, as they are termed by the thoughtleſs ſprigs of humanity, have been the cauſe of more ruin to my beſt friends, both in mind and purſe, than the combined dilapidations made by Law, Phyſic,

and the Prieſthood!—I went from Cambridge to this emporium of Folly to viſit Lord Barrymore, in the ſpring of 1791, were I was driven, with the celerity of a whirlwind acroſs the courſe, to behold a Duke and a Highwayman becoming debtor and creditor; and the only language I heard, during the paſtime, was conveyed in four vehement ejaculations: *viz.* Damme, *Skyſcraper* againſt the field—Done, done—here they are—there they go!—But it is to be expected that ſuch fooleries are on the decline. Like the abſurd extravagancies of the *Meynell* ſubſcription hunt; where a boot jack, a tent bed, the corner of a ſtable, a few dinners, and many wild incitements to kill a horſe or break his own neck, will coſt the ſubſcriber an annual thouſand pounds!

Alas!
Can man,
Whoſe being's but a ſpan,
Be ſuch an aſs?

In going from *Wargrave* to *Cants Hill*, where we paſſed two very agreeable days with Sir JOHN LADE and his family, he very ſeriouſly aſked me, if I thought it poſſible for any individual, with mental health, to be an Atheiſt? I replied, that I believed it poſſible for a man

man to become a temporal demon; but until I could diſcover, that the profeſſion of Infidelity made us happier men and more kind neighbours, I ſhould continue in the old-faſhioned ſyſtem of Theology. I have obſerved much ſcurrility in various publications directed towards Sir JOHN LADE; but as far as I can form a judgment on the human character, he is hoſpitable, inoffenſive, and worthy.

Lord Barrymore was the moſt apt and ſucceſsful perſon in beginning and purſuing a ſocial ſpecies of impoſition called *humbugging*, I ever ſat with or obſerved. There was an innocent deceit practiſed at *Wargrave* upon all ſtrangers, ycleped *The Brogue Makers;* it was thus: one of the gentlemen was requeſted by the noble hoſt to ſing the ſong of *The Brogue Makers*, at the ſame time preparing the unknowing and unſuſpicious viſitor to expect a high treat of wit and humor. The chaunter, after many apologies for his hoarſeneſs, began, in a loud key, the ſuppoſed ſong, "There were three jolly Brogue Makers." At the concluſion of the line he was interrupted by one oppoſite, who affirmed, that was not the tune. After ſome few diſtant remarks upon the rudeneſs of ſtopping a gentleman in his ſong, who was at beſt laboring to oblige the company, he began again, and was again ſtopped by another in the ſame place, with an objection ſtill more

more harſh. Theſe interdictions operating ſtrongly to the diſappointment of the ſtranger, who had been taught to expect ſome very comic effuſion; and who had been ſitting with his mouth half open, in the very zenith of high-wrought deſire, he generally addreſſed Lord Barrymore upon the propriety or impropriety of ſuch interferences; who conſtantly fortified his received diſguſt by declaring, that the ſtranger's remonſtrance was juſt, that he was extremely ſorry the general entertainment was protracted by ſuch indecent conduct, and concluded by deſiring the ſongſter to begin again, to oblige the ſtranger and himſelf, if no other gentleman. In obedience to this ſummons, the ſong was again begun, and again oppoſed by ſome remark more rude than the preceding. This generally formed the climax of the viſitor's reſentment; who roſe, with great indignation, and applied ſome intolerable epithet to the perſon who had been inſtrumental in deſtroying the harmony of the evening. This was the cue for a conteſt; both parties inſtantly ſtripped to decide the diſpute, *a la Mendoza*, on the ſpot: but before any blow was given, each combatant had his arms pinioned behind him by the company until Lord Barrymore had addreſſed the ſtranger, by very gravely aſſuring him, that the celebrated ballad of *The Brogue Makers* was begun, comprehended, and concluded

cluded in one line; that the whole affair was a humbug; that the gentleman he was going to fight was one of the moſt poliſhed men in exiſtence; and that he longed for nothing ſo much as the opportunity of taking him by the hand, and paying him every civility imaginable. Here a general laugh enſued, the parties rehabited themſelves, and the viſitor hid his chagrin as well as he could.

We recollect the fallacious pleaſantries practiſed by the wits of the *Coalition*, upon the Marquis of LANSDOWNE and Mr. PITT; in which inſtance each party, by receiving a letter, as they imagined, from the other, flew to their reſpective houſes, for the purpoſe of effecting a political reconciliation with a profeſſed enemy, and from whence at the *eclairciſſement* each returned hanging his ears in diſmay!—and the more recent trick put upon Mr. DUNDASS, who wrote officially to the Chief Magiſtrate of the City, that he had received an expreſs from Indoſtan, confirming the public hope relative to the capture of Seringapatam; though it eventually proved to be a roguiſh deception conveyed from Briſtol to humbug the chap-fallen ſecretary!

While Mr. MURPHY was editor of a periodical paper, called the *Auditor*, eſtabliſhed in oppoſition to the

the *North Briton*, to ſupport the Earl of B——, he had been on a viſit to Miſs ELLIOT at Kew, and remained ſo long, that he had not time to compoſe the neceſſary matter: in ſome perturbation he called upon the publiſher, Mr. KEARSLEY, who conſoled him by producing a correſpondence equal to the required portion of copy —he run over the manuſcript curſorily, and felt himſelf happy and honored by the communication, which it is ſuppoſed was fabricated between Mr. WILKES and Mr. CHURCHILL: the ſubject was plauſibly ſingular; it was a congratulation on the advantages we had obtained over France, by negociation, in ceding ſome of the Weſt India Iſlands, in exchange for the province of Florida in North America, which the writer affirmed, contained in its interior parts vaſt quantities of turf, which muſt lay the baſis of a very lucrative commerce between the ſubjects of Great Britain and France.—Poor MURPHY caught at the deluſive bait, and publiſhed the letter with pride and avidity: the unlucky conſequence of which was, that the ſtory of the Florida turf became the theme of general laughter! I do not inſert this, with the view of depreciating Mr. MURPHY, who has conſiderable talents, but merely to prove, that the moſt wary and wiſe are not exempt from impoſition; that we are frequently

moſt

moſt deceived when we think ourſelves moſt ſecure, and that even life itſelf is but a humbug upon a more complex plan!

During the laſt three years of his life, he became an indefatigable cricketer, and ſo zealous was he in this amuſement, as in every other that governed him for the time, that he ſuffered no impediments that the elements could throw in the way, to prevent him from playing a match out when it had been commenced: he has frequently played for four hours together in the country, in a heavy and continual ſhower of rain!—the mortification he expreſſed at being over-matched, or loſing the game by any means, was ſtrikingly evident in his features, for he was remarkably ſilent on the ſubject of his own merits or his own misfortunes, if loſing a match at cricket can be thus noted.—He was much attached to the Brighton Cricketers, and, I believe, won five hundred guineas from Mr. HARVEY ASTON, who backed a part of the *Hamilton Club*, and others, at *Lord's* Cricket Ground, at Mary-le-bone. On the day he periſhed, his footman JAMES (and a more faithful and reſpectful ſervant never followed a gentleman) had been ordered by his Lordſhip to procure eighteen of the beſt *bowlers* and *batters* in the neighbourhood of *Rye*, to make a party in the following week: but, alas! Death bowled

down his own wicket before his desires could be fulfilled.

In the earlier stage of his life, he gave, perhaps, too much open encouragement to the *Bruisers* of the day: but the vulgar and scandalous idea that he ever admitted one to his table, is a direct falshood, fabricated, among many others, by some wretch or wretches whom he may have chastised for impertinence, and who took this diabolical, though secure method of revenge!—There were at one period, at the *George* at *Wargrave*, Johnson, Big Ben, Hooper the Tinman, the two Wards, and Jackson!—this was previous to the battle which Hooper fought with a west-country Bargeman, whom he completely *did over*, in his own phraseology, in twenty minutes, though both parties were equally young and spirited; the Tinman weighing not quite eleven stone, and the Bargeman sixteen: this battle was arranged by the lovers of pugilism, as one of the greatest triumphs of skill over strength, that ever occurred. Lord Barrymore betted a large sum of money upon Johnson and Big Ben, at Banbury in Oxfordshire, when the former fought Perrins, the Birmingham Giant, and Big Ben fought Jacombs.—Lord Barrymore was on the stage with some other persons of distinction during the contest, and it was imagined by all, from the shifting and falling

falling of Ben, that he would get the worſt of it; the mob hiſſed Ben as he ſat upon the ſtage for what they ſuppoſed cowardice, and Lord Barrymore, thinking of his money, reproached Ben for his ſeeming want of manhood, when the rough-hewn hero looking archly at his Lordſhip, growled out in his hoarſe accents: "Vhy, "my Lord, you a'nt up to my goſſip, I can beat un "vhen I pleaſe, don't mind me, I tell you I am only "*kanouvering*."

Full often have Lord Barrymore and I wandered over the metropolis, when the cares of the plebeian were huſhed in ſleep—full often have we heard the chimes at midnight, and rambled into every cellar, watch-houſe, and nocturnal receptacle from Saint James's to Dark-houſe-lane, not for the purpoſe of partaking in the debaucheries, but to obſerve the varied orders and deſires of mankind.—In one of thoſe lunar peregrinations we entered a low gambling-houſe, where the fraudulent, the neceſſitous, and the dupe aſſociate to rob and be robbed —to thoſe who never witneſſed a ſcene of this tendency, all deſcription muſt fail to convey a true idea of the miſcreantic, pallid, hell-born, peſtilential group—wild laughter, execration, and gnaſhing of teeth, agitate the ill-doomed wretches, as good or ill-luck prevails:—it ſtruck me as the gully-hole of breathing filth.—We had

not been there long before a buſtle commenced, between two iron-muſcled fellows and a well-dreſſed young man, who had the ſemblance of diſtraction in each eye, from whom, it appeared, they had won a conſiderable ſum, which he refuſed to diſcharge:—the noiſe brought in the watchman, who dragged him from his aſſailants, and perhaps from murder, while he exclaimed pathetically and loudly, "Ah Fortune, Fortune, thou inſatiate, thou "inexorable wh—e; you may make me *loſe* thouſands, "but I'll be d——d if you ſhall ever make me *pay* a "ſhilling!"

Lord Barrymore and I viſited Mr. ———, a few miles from Marlow, whoſe lady had died of a pleuriſy not long before.—I was taught to expect the converſation of an extraordinary man, and in ſome ſort, my expectations were gratified.—He invited us to dine with him, and we accepted the propoſal: during the interchange of ſentiments after dinner, a fourth perſon was announced, who proved to be the Undertaker of the family—after ſeveral bows on his part, more low than Superiority ſhould exact, or Inferiority confer; and a few direct remarks upon the great ſcarcity of caſh, he produced his bill of expences for the lady's interment. "This is an enormous amount for burying a man's "wife!" obſerved the widower: "ſixty-ſeven pounds "for

" for laying a ſilent female horizontally! why you muſt " have made ſome miſtake." " Not in the leaſt arti- " cle," prattled the coffinmonger: " handſome hearſe, " three coaches and ſix, decent well-dreſſed mutes, and " the beſt pall in the county; nobody could do it for " leſs, your honor!" " It's a large ſum Mr. ———, " but now I recollect, the poor woman would have paid " twice as much with chearfulneſs to have buried me! " ſo I muſt not be behind her, you know, my Lord, " in a deed of kindneſs; there is a draft on my " banker, Sir, write a receipt, and I wiſh you a good " journey."

In the wildneſſes of his juvenility he was in the habit of taking a hackney coach, with a few perſons as wild as himſelf, and ordering the driver to go through Oxford-ſtreet; while the carriage was proceeding, he would imitate the voice and ſhrieks of a woman in imminent diſtreſs; exclaiming, " you ſha'nt, you villain; I wont, " you barbarian; I'll tear your eyes out:" as the voice of a female in miſery ever did, and I truſt ever will be tenderly intereſting to a Briton's boſom, thoſe loud indications of raviſhment quickly cauſed the coach to be ſtopped; which was no ſooner done, than the parties within leaped out, and drubbed the well-meaning interlopers

lopers for their aſcribed impertinence, in arreſting a carriage on the King's high-way.

His attachment to *Wargrave*, as a country reſidence, ſurpriſed me, as I could not diſcover any objects near it particularly alluring, except the Thames!—It is a mean, dirty village, ſituated in a hollow between the Bath and Oxford rodes; the lanes are nearly impaſſable, and it has no market, yet in it are ſaid to be the remains of a royal palace: it is mentioned as having been a burial place for the Saxon warriors.—The beſt apology for his predilection towards ſuch a barren ſpot is, that it was the ſcene of his puerile ambition, where he vegetated from boyiſhneſs to youth:—the veneration we entertain for that hamlet, or even that tree, which we imagine, as a Hamadryad, has witneſſed the gambols of our probation, is pleaſant, but irreconcileable to mature thinking.—The late King was ſo fond of Hanover, that he even enjoyed its filthineſs in idea! When riding through Brentford in dirty weather, the good old man was accuſtomed to ſay rapturouſly to his courtiers, "I do love "tis place, dis ſo like Yarmony."

From Lord BARRYMORE's attendance on bruiſing matches, which, to their diſgrace be it mentioned, was, a few years ſince, common to many of our nobility, he had

had acquired a pugiliſtic ſkill, which led him into affrays and contentions,

> " That would have been more honor'd in the breach
> " Than the obſervance."

When driving his phæton on the Bath road, the waggoners would not unfrequently interrupt him by their unaccommodating obſtinacy; if, on ſuch occaſions, the driver uſed any harſh epithets, he leaped from his carriage, and fought the man—if Lord Barrymore was the victor, he generally gave the fellow a guinea; if he was worſted in the encounter, he always ſhook his antagoniſt by the hand, and wiſhed him better manners, and a good journey.

Diſappointments in trivial or momentous wiſhes, ſeldom ruffled the reflective ſurface of his mind.—I have ſometimes thought he affected apathy to appear above the incidental viſitations of Chance!—To his relatives he was indiſcriminately generous, and to his ſervants complacent and kind.—When W——e's daughter married without his conſent, he roared about the P——s's refectory, like a Weſtphalian Polyphemus: thundering through all the avenues, " Vat a dam biſh, my own " ſhile too; bud ſhe mos alway fond of reading boedry; " dam boedry—mut ſhe ſhall never have a ſtiver of " mine:

" mine: I do now ſwear by Cot, I will cut off my own " boſteriors mid a ſhilling."

The under prompter at Wargrave, was a man with peculiar powers of humor, who could excite riſibility without appearing to be regardful of the effect of his own whimſicalities!—He was exactly what is underſtood by the epithet of a *dry rogue*—he has frequently afforded much merriment to Lord Barrymore, without feeling it.—I do not know what explication or term will ſuit his talent ſo well as *ſtupid pleaſantry!*—In the article of drapery in general, this whiſperer of the *cue* was not abundantly ſupplied; but as to ſhirts in particular, he had but one, and that was literally a *unique*.—As he occaſionally mingled in the dramatic ſcene, as a walking gentleman, it was expedient on ſuch emergencies to have that ſolitary ſhirt waſhed:—agreeably to ſuch a meaſure, he leaped from his couch in the morning, in an unincumbered ſtate of nature, and having dreſſed himſelf, as genteelly as his wardrobe would admit (though his rotund body was unconſcious of linen) and buttoned up his coat to his neck, to elude the keen eye of Impertinence; he ſent his ſhirt to the waſherwoman, to be got ready at a ſtated hour, and to be ſo highly blanched that it might rival ſnow.--This indiſ-

penſible

penſible point being ſettled, he attended the rehearſals as uſual, and was very pompouſly giving his orders for the regulation of ſome devils in a Pantomime, before us all, when a little girl came behind the ſcenes with a meſſage from the *blancheceuſſe*, her mother:—"Mr. "——, my mammy has ſent you your ſhirt."—"What "has ſhe waſhed it already, my dear, in two hours? "damme, that is expedition."—"No, ſir, ſhe has not "waſhed it."—"Not waſhed it, you diminutive ſlut, "what is the meaning of that?"—"My mammy ſays as "how, it's ſo old and rotten ſhe is afraid it will rub to "pieces in the waſhing-tub." "Poh, poh," replied the abaſhed prompter angrily, with his face as red as the Saracen's at Aldgate, "you are a very fooliſh child, and "your mother is a greater fool who ſent you; go back "with it to your ſoap-teazing dam, and tell her, if ſhe is "ignorant of ways and means I will inſtruct her; as the "ſhirt is ſo fine, that ſhe is afraid of committing it to "the tub with coarſer veſtments, bid her pin it on the "wall, and throw water at it!"

In the dining-room, at the dwelling-houſe, there was a large niche in the wall, which had a ſub-communication with the kitchen and cellar, this contrivance was very uſeful in the winter months, as by that method, which had the appearance of necromancy, the dinner,

wines, and desert were almost instantaneously placed upon the table, without the company being disturbed by the bustle of a number of servants, opening the door of a small room, and annoying each other, in common with the guests, in the distribution of the viands.

I never observed him either petulant or pertinacious —his urbanity worked as an effectual dissuasive from the indulgence of an ungentlemanlike emotion—he was too fond of notoriety, and too regardless of vulgar opinion —he would suffer that scandal to gain strength, which he could have crushed in the origin—he would say, with a smile, as the mean rogues cannot make free with my purse, they are resolved to make free with my name; who knows to the contrary, but all this gross folly may be the fruit of their hunger and not of their antipathy; so if their vile trash can procure them a dinner, let them write and be d——d!—His enemies seemed to deny him that latitude for reformation, which is granted by the compassionate to all young men, whose fire has been more prevalent than their abstemiousness.—They even presumed to assert, that what had been, would be, and made the antecedent govern the subsequent!

As the vast objects, continually floating before every man's idea, are his own preservation and advantage, I am always much pleased with those who can engraft a consideration

ſideration for others upon the growing trunk of their own prejudices.—I believe, were it poſſible to know the letter of our duty correctly, that it is expected, if not enjoined, by the awful cauſe of matter, that we ſhould diſſeminate a material portion of the benefits derived from Fortune, among the indigent and the forlorn:—I do not think that Lord Barrymore had peruſed folios of divinity to learn this, though it formed the great outline of his private practiſe:—he had a Spirit that made a lodgment in his heart at the hour of his birth, who gave the alarm to his pulſes, whenever it was expedient that he ſhould beſtow that purſe upon Miſery, which was intended for an importunate Creditor;—when the demands of Juſtice were ſuſpended in favor of a petition from Diſtreſs!—though much of this doctrine may be irreconcileable to the received notions of a man of the world, it is perfectly correſpondent with the wiſhes of thoſe who combine a knowledge of what we are, with the intruſive anxieties of what we may be.

The ſelf-blown importance of the inconſiderable, uſed to be a ſource of much mirth both to him and me.—Thoſe "crows i'th' gutter," who will aſſume an air of grandeur, though they are filthy and ominous of evil!—every leperous Scroyle can find a ſolace within to reconcile it to its own baſeneſs and repulſion—and ſtamp and

ſtrut upon the ſurface of the planet, as if each foot could enact ruin! a being who does not poſſeſs ſo much innate merit as ſhould embolden a flea to look with firmneſs at a Taylor, ſhall ſtalk with more perpendicular gravity, among his fellows, than Lord Burleigh, after his Queen in council had called him wiſe and bold!

Lord Barrymore was not permitted to paſs through the ſpell-fraught circumrotation of dancing faſhion, without ſuffering diſmemberment from the genteel villany of domeſtic plunder!—Pharo had not an eſtabliſhment in the *upper* circles, to which he was not moſt preſſingly invited.—I called upon him at his hotel one morning, when a ſervant brought him a card of invitation to become a ſacrifice at a ſimilar altar, from a lady whom, as I know to be benevolent, I was abaſhed to find mercenary.—As the point of time interfered with a preconcerted arrangement, he aſked me, jocularly, if he ſhould go to the well-dreſſed banditti in —— ——— Square.—My reply was, that were I in his ſituation I ſhould hold it as a debt due to my own integrity and wiſdom, to conſider if I had a tradeſman unpaid, before I offered a note from my pocket-book to the rapacity of nefarious elegance.

Though Lord Barrymore's end was premature, there are many who outlive themſelves, or in other words, their

their conſiſtency of action!—there is a time in every man's life, when it is neceſſary for the preſervation of his good name, that he ſhould expire: as many from the remote but undermining approaches of lunacy, perpetrate incongruities which materially injure their reputation;—though if the circumſtance was duly weighed, it might repeatedly appear, that the mental faculties had been ſufficiently bruiſed to warrant an impropriety, though that injury of the judgment was not ſelf-demonſtrated to common obſervation!

Lord Barrymore was very fond of circumnavigating, or, as he called it, taking meaſure of the underſtanding of the common people in the country;—the following whimſical dialogue took place between him and a garrulous old woman, at Abingdon in Oxfordſhire, who did not know his name or his quality:—"I am told, "Madam, that Mr. Eſculapius, the apothecary of your "town is dead, and that Mr. Boreas has married the "widow." "Lord, Sir, I never heard of ſuch folk, "there was an outlandiſh perſon that travelled this coun-"try ſome years agon, with ſome ſuch a cramp name "as Borus, but I am told he is ſettled in the north." "He did wiſely, Madam, as he could not find any point "in the compaſs ſo congenial to his purpoſes: ſuffer "me to aſk you likewiſe, if you ever ſee any of his "children

" children in theſe parts, Maſter Zephyrus, or Favonius,
" or the little Breezes?" " He never had but one ſon,
" Sir, and they ſay he lives at Lunnun, in Houndſ-
" ditch." " That is as much as to ſay, Madam, the
" young gentleman is gone to the dogs." " Nan!"
" My dear Lady, I did not mean that for a Nan, but a
" Sally." At this inſtant a very tall man, and a very little woman behind him, rode by on horſeback: " Who
" may thoſe gallant perſonages be, Madam?" continued Lord Barrymore, " or in other words, what are their
" names? they are richly capariſoned upon their pal-
" frey, and bump upon the ſaddle with becoming grace."
" Their names is *Tatterſal*, your honor, would you be-
" lieve they are mon and wife, I ſaw them married by
" our wicar, with theſe eyes: for my part, I think it a
" burning ſhame, ſo it is, to join ſuch a tall gawky with
" ſuch a bit of a voman as that." " You are wrong in
" your ideas, Madam, totally wrong:—Hymen has
" been peculiarly juſt in ordering this buſineſs; he has
" given TIT for TAT."

One of the jocund party, not proverbial for his fopperies, having returned from hunting during dinner, in a more diſhevelled and negligent ſtate than uſual, being incruſted with the mud of the country, from his cap to his boots, it was ſecretly propoſed to *roaſt* him, or in plainer

plainer language, to make him run the gauntlet of ſatiric obſervation: "Why I am told you are the boldeſt "hunter in the country," ſaid a perſon oppoſite to the victim. "You are *ironing* me," replied the other ſeriouſly. "That is d——d hard indeed," added Lord Barrymore, "to *iron* you before they *waſhed* you." "If you don't *mangle* me," retorted the party, "I am "content."

He began to perceive that the unlimitted expectations of youth, correſponded ſo ill with the vulgar events of life, that it appeared as if the imagination was unremittingly employed in embodying aerial images of pleaſure, which conſtantly vaniſhed at the ſlow approaches of Truth!—I have often ſuppoſed that Good and Evil ſported among us in maſquerade attire, and we were deluded into preferring the ſemblance for the ſubſtance! —this ſuppoſition is analogous to our miſtakes in the direction of our applauſe.—Which is the more eſtimable character, the Spendthrift or the Miſer? if the Spendthrift can by any honorable means abrogate his pecuniary obligations, he will be unqueſtionably the more uſeful man in ſociety:—what concerns himſelf cannot be individually momentous to the public: yet what concerns a Miſer is, as he withholds that damning traſh in his coffers, which was only rendered valuable for the general

general benefit!—but the majority of the world are ſo eager to be diſſatisfied, it is rarely that the very beſt intentions, independent of thoughtleſſneſs, can receive due credit from their award!

Notwithſtanding I am convinced that Reaſon ſhould give its ſanction to the laws of Virtue, yet a moral diſpoſition may be evinced by thoſe who are fundamentally juſt, but actually and viſibly improper!—it is a lamentable proof of our inſufficiency and want of circumſpection, that none can inſure approbation but the flagitious diſſembler—we ſcarcely ever hear any individual reported by the multitude as a good ſort of man, but thoſe who never did good to any but themſelves.—The unthinking who cheriſh the unfortunate in the ſame moment that they violate policy, will be arraigned for raſhneſs, perhaps injuſtice; while thoſe who never cheriſh any, or violate the decorum of ſpeculative Prudence ſhall be recorded and ſupported as imitable and wiſe!

Though caution too often forſook him in the delirium of proſperity, yet his integrity was undiminiſhed. Experience had got a debenture upon his manners for the unborn year!—he would have been moſt juſt, when the ebb of duty had returned upon his underſtanding.—This diſorganization of his finances, was ſucceeded by a penſiveneſs, ariſing from reflection, that would have operated

operated to the total baniſhment of all the ephemeral vanities of ardent youth. As moſt eccleſiaſtics are indebted for their importance (I ſhall not at preſent ſay any thing as to their virtue) to an ideal demon; ſo do the froſt-bitten raſcals in the ſuite of Temperance, gather all their alledged worth from the impetuoſity of thoſe high metalled profligates who, in the fever of their blood, prefer the gratification of Nature, to a religious obſervance of the apothegms of circumſpective Fraud.

I have heard much document from the Grey Beards of ſociety, delivered to prove that it is expedient *to have old heads upon young ſhoulders.*—Yet in oppoſition to this favorite propoſition of the elders, I will preſume to beleive, that the happineſs as well as beauty of youth, are as well preſerved by the ſeveral heads remaining in the uſual ſtate—the Spring, the Summer, the Autumn, and the Winter of Life, ſhould have each its accompanying propenſities.

" Nature, who form'd the varied ſcene,
" Of rage, of calm, of froſt and fire;
" Unerring guide, could only mean
" That age ſhould reaſon—youth deſire.
" Shall rebel caſuiſts then preſume,
" Inverting natures laws, to ſeize
" The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
" And join impoſſibilities?"

Though Lord Barrymore was fond of having the bottle circulated freely at his table, he was not himſelf

a deep drinker. In whatever regarded the removal of hunger and thirſt, he could be readily accommodated, as a beef ſteak and a pint of port wine formed the whole of his dinner through the greater portion of the year.

When he firſt ſtarted, in his minority, with his ſtag-hounds, and their ſporting embelliſhments, I am informed, that as he took the field, it looked like the hunting eſtabliſhment of Louis the Fourteenth at *Fontainbleau*, more than the exuberant retinue of a Britiſh ſubject! In his train were four Africans, ſuperbly mounted, and ſuperbly dreſſed in ſcarlet and ſilver, who were correct performers on the French horn; and who occaſionally, in the woods and the vallies, gladdened Diana with Handel's harmony, and at once alarmed and pleaſed the browzing herds within the compaſs of the mellifluous ſound.

Lord Barrymore had ſuch expreſſion in his eye, and ſo much ſarcaſm in his language, that an *imbecile* man could not be happy in his ſociety. His replication to the queſtions of the intruſive was terſe, irreſiſtible, and ſevere. I believe, on many ſuch occaſions, he found it truly difficult to reconcile the required forbearance of a gentleman with the emotions of the feeling man! How unlike was he to the exiſting tyrants to merit! the blockheads of potency, who, being inſignificant themſelves,

ſelves, will only protect inſignificant ſlaves, who beſlaver them with lying encomiums and abominable idolatry.

His mode of ſleeping was rather peculiar: whether travelling or at home, his methods on this point were invariable. The firſt thing his ſervant did, was to ſew the ſheets to the blanket, that they might not rub againſt his face in the night, and diſturb him, for he was delicately irritable. The next part of his care was directed to the finding out any window or crevice that would admit the light, that he might take ſuch meaſures as ſhould prevent the rays from illuminating the apartment at the reaſcenſion of Aurora; for ſo great an averſion had Lord Barrymore to any thing like light in his bed-chamber, that he could not have reſted in peace had there been an ember left in the grate ſufficiently red to have enflamed a robber's match! The windows were covered with blankets three deep, and his chamber appeared like the moſt gloomy of the cemeteries in the houſe of Death.

He compoſed the following inſtitutes for a ſocial eſtabliſhment, upon a new plan:—

Rules, to be obſerved by the MARBLE CLUB, held monthly, at the ſign of the World's End, at Leatherhead, in Surrey.

1ſt Rule. That there ſhould be no more members admitted into the room than it could hold!

2d. Reſolved, That this amicable ſociety ſhould have two anniverſary dinners every year!

3d. Reſolved, If any member has more ſenſe than another, he is to be kicked out of company.

4th. Reſolved, That any man who could not tell his right hand from his left, after being aſked three times, ſhall be denied the honors and privileges of this ſociety.

5th. Reſolved, That no member of this ſociety ſhall preſume to eat garlick, unleſs it can be proved that he likes it better than any other vegetable.

6th. Reſolved, That no member ſhall marry, until he comes to the years of diſcretion; and as that is a deſperate hope, it is recommended to all to live Bachelors.

7th. Reſolved, If any curate, being a member of this club, builds a church out of his private pay, he is to be branded as the outcaſt of policy, and ſent handcuffed to his Diſceſan.

8th. Reſolved, That every man, who is more ugly than his neighbour, ſhall pay a fine of three-pence monthly, to be expended in tobacco; unleſs his wife ſwears that he is a better man than he appears to be.

9th. Reſolved, That every member, who has two ideas, ſhall be obliged to give one to his neig...bour.

A few ſummers ſince, he made a bet with the Duke of York, at the Marine Pavilion at Brighthelmſtone, which

which ſhould walk fartheſt into the ſea; each waded in the preſence of a multitude of ſpectators, to a great diſtance; but at length his Royal Highneſs, not being ſo tall as his Lordſhip, was ſo tormented with the ſurge, that he was obliged to give up the contention and loſe his wager.

In the ſame year, at the ſame place, a ſingular adventure was noted, which might have been attended with fatal conſequences—I do not arrange it as an event receiving my approbation, but to ſhew the variety of his reſources, in the purſuit of what he denominated *Fun!* —He made his footman FRANK put on a coffin, which was buckled to his body, with the foot-board out; this was carried with great ſolemnity, by himſelf and others, who knocked at Mr. P——y's door, on the Steyne, and left the coffin upon the ſteps; when the maid ſervant opened the door and ſaw, as ſhe ſuppoſed, the dead body of a man, ſhe ſhrieked and fainted away: the noiſe alarming the family, they all ruſhed out, armed with poker, tongs, and a loaded piſtol;—FRANK, with much difficulty, effected his eſcape, by leaping over ſome rails, after the piſtol had been diſcharged, and the ball had perforated the coffin but an inch above the poor fellow's head.

As he was preparing to go full dreſſed to the Prince of

of Wales's Levee, in 1790, two bailiffs came to his houſe in Piccadilly, diſguiſed as jockeys, and arreſted him at the ſuit of his taylor, for ſeveral hundred pounds;—when the demand was ſettled, it was imagined by the ſon of the Sheers, that he had loſt his Lordſhip's cuſtom for ever, by ſuch a deciſive and harſh proceeding; but he reckoned without his hoſt, as Lord Barrymore ſent for the man, in the ſucceeding month, and ordered ſeveral ſuits, the amount of which he made the taylor calculate in his preſence, and then gave him a bank note for more than the ſum, declaring he was not in the leaſt offended with him for enforcing the payment of a debt, which was perhaps neceſſary to preſerve him and his family from deſtruction!—This is an indubitable fact, and explanatory of an excellent heart!

Lord Barrymore was a man, who would have travelled round the verge of poſſibility, rather than have been counteracted or diſappointed in the moſt trivial deſire of his heart!—He was very particular in the article of ſmall beer—during the theatric *furor*, at Wargrave, this mild beverage run ſhort, and he became miſerable for a ſupply: the ſtores of his neighbours were opened, but their brewing did not pleaſe his palate—he in conſequence diſpatched three of his ſervants in poſt-chaiſes to Reading, to Henley, and to Maidenhead, with a ſtrict

ſtrict charge not to return without a barrel of beer in each chaiſe! The ſervice was duly performed, and the beer brought in triumph.

On a very rainy night, when the theatre was overflowing with company, a diſagreeable circumſtance happened, though attended with a comic incident:—An unfortunate fellow, who managed a hackney carriage from Reading, drove againſt the Reverend Mr. TICKELL's wall, in a ſtate of inebriation, and was thrown off the box, and killed upon the ſpot.—One JOSEPH, a travelling conjurer, and his wife, were in bed at GUY's, an alehouſe in the village, where ſome wags carried the dead body and put it between the ſnoring Iſraelite and his wife, who awoke in the morning and alarmed the neighbourhood with their cries—as the affair was reported, it was generally credited that the Jew had murdered the man for his property, but on a minute inveſtigation, the miſerable remnant of the tribe of Levi and his rib were permitted to return to the metropolis uninjured.

After a loud preface of, oh yes, pronounced moſt audibly three times, in the High Street at Newmarket, Lord Barrymore, having collected a number of perſons together, made the following general propoſal to the gapers:—Who wants to buy a horſe that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty? I do, ſaid

ſaid Mr. B——k, with manifeſt eagerneſs; then ſaid Lord Barrymore, if I ſee any ſuch animal to be ſold, I will be ſure to let you know!

At Henley fair, a ſarcaſtic joſkin approached him, and enquired, after ſcratching his head repeatedly, if he wanted to buy a choice gelding.—Is he good for any thing, ſaid the Peer; very good, replied the clown, he has but two faults, my Lord;—well, my honeſt fellow, what is your demand?—Twenty guineas.—Well, now the bargain is ſtruck, let me hear his brace of faults? —The firſt is, if you let him looſe in a paddock, my Lord, you can't catch him—as to this impediment, ſaid Lord Barrymore, I can obviate that, by never ſending him to graſs; but what is the other failing?—Why that, my Lord, to ſay the truth, is more diſtreſſing, for when you have caught him he is not worth the trouble!

When we were walking in the theatre, we overheard two men in cloſe converſation, to which conference they called a third, for the expreſs purpoſe of explaining or tranſlating his Lordſhip's family motto, *Boutez en avant*, the ſpirit of which appeared to govern him ſo much through life:—"Canſt thou tell what that there writing "is, Tummus?" ſaid the two former conſulters to the third perſon.—"Why if I cas'nt I went to ſchool at "Shiplake for very little purpoſe I think: let me ſee;

"*Bou*,

Bou, Bow, *tez*, tez, Bowtez, that is Latin; *en*, en, aye and that's Latin too; *a* by itſelf a, *vant*, vant, avant; now what in the devil's name can that be? the two firſt words are Latin, I'll be ſworn; but as for the other cramp word, if I can tell what that is, I'll be dom'd!

The adage, that delays are dangerous, was never more powerfully verified than by him, as ſeen through the medium of his tranſactions—his neglecting to ſeize the opportune moment, was frequently injurious to him in a very eminent degree!—yet I have known inſtances, where protraction has been attended with effects the moſt contradictory, varying according to the unſettled diſpoſition of the firſt agents. When Mr. GARRICK wanted to purchaſe ſome houſes in Drury-lane, from the late Duke of BEDFORD's ſteward, he waited upon him, communicated his wiſhes, and required to know the terms: as the ſteward well knew that the acquiſition to Mr. GARRICK was nearly indiſpenſible, who wanted to enlarge and lengthen the ſtage of the Old Theatre, he aſked one thouſand pounds:—one thouſand pounds! exclaimed the Britiſh Roſcius: no, no, Mr. PALMER, I will never give any ſuch enormous ſum, depend upon it; the ſtage ſhall remain with its inconveniences; and I wiſh you a good morning.—After a mature conſultation with Mr. LACY, he returned to Mr.

PALMER, and offered the ſum demanded for the purchaſe: but the ſteward was as artful as the manager, and ſeeing his eagerneſs in the affair, added five hundred pounds to the former ſum: what, ſaid GARRICK, half petrified, fifteen hundred pounds for a few houſes as rotten as the linch pin of the world; no, may I be branded for an aſs as long as I exiſt, if I ever give away my money in that manner: no, no, MASTER PALMER, you have got the wrong ſow by the ear, I wiſh you a good day, ſir!—Again he returned to LACY, and after a long examination of the expected advantages and diſadvantages, involved in the acceptance or rejection of the propoſal, it was finally determined to make the purchaſe upon the increaſed terms, and put an end to their mutual anxiety: full of this project, he invited Mr. PALMER to dine with him, under the hope that a glaſs of Burgundy would ſhake his cupidity: but he did not completely know his man, for when the ſubject was broached during the circulation of the bottle, Mr. PALMER froze the faculties of the joint-patentees, by aſſuring them that he had reconſidered the meaſure, and could not, conſiſtent with his duty to his Lord, take leſs than two thouſand pounds: two thouſand pounds, bellowed GARRICK, why it is not ſix hours ago, that one half the ſum would have been ſatisfactory: however,

take

take the money and ſign the articles, for if I delay five minutes more, you may poſſibly demand half my eſtate for the fee-ſimple of a huckſter's *chateau!*

As ſome unqualified ideas of degeneracy have been annexed to Lord Barrymore's name, I think it incumbent to inform the world, that no man ever behaved with more circumſpection, and more apparent dread of offending towards a virtuous woman, than himſelf; he thought, with all who think juſtly, that a good woman is the beſt of all poſſible good things; and as ſuch, he united in his deportment towards them the regards for virtue with the reſtricted gallantries of a gentleman. The humble females whom he engaged to perform theatrically at *Wargrave*, from Mr. Thornton's company of Comedians, who travel that diſtrict, were treated, on all occaſions, by him, with as much deference and attention as Ladies of primary diſtinction.

——————" I knew him as myſelf;
" For we have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:
" And tho' myſelf have been an idle truant,
" Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
" To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
" Yet had he——————————
" Made uſe and fair advantage of his days:
" His years but young, but his experience old;
" His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe:
" And in a word (for far behind his worth
" Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
" He was compleat in feature and in mind,
" With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

HIS DEATH.

This popular, witty, and eminently gifted young nobleman, is now no more: the efficient cauſe of his deſtruction was one of thoſe acts of benevolence and good-will towards others, which were hourly manifeſted in his limited paſſage through this world:—it was circumſtantially as follows:—He was with his regiment, the *Berkſhire Militia*, at *Rye*, when a party of French priſoners, to the number of ſixteen, were ordered to be eſcorted to Deal; a ſerjeant and twelve men were deſtined for this purpoſe, but Lord BARRYMORE ſolicited Lord CRAVEN, the Major, for the command of the party, which was granted, and the number of ſoldiers increaſed to twenty in accordance with his military rank; when they had marched through Folkſtone to the top of the adjoining hill he halted at a ſmall public-houſe, to refreſh his own men and the priſoners, with beer, and bread and cheeſe;—here Admiral MACBRIDE and General SMITH met his Lordſhip, and entered into converſation with him; he was in high ſpirits, and, I believe, promiſed to meet them at dinner either at Deal

or

or Dover.—Lord BARRYMORE, who had hitherto marched at the head of the party on foot, informed his *Valet de Chambre*, who drove his curricle in the rear, that he would procure a pipe of tobacco at the ale-houſe, and ride and ſmoak, while his ſervant drove:—while he remained in this houſe, he was extremely pleaſant with the landlady, took a piece of chalk from the bar, and inſiſted upon marking the amount of the bill upon a ſlate, which hung behind the door, in the ſtenographic cyphers of a publican; and while doing this he imitated the language and manners of *Hob*, a dramatic character he was fond of perſonifying; at parting he drank a glaſs of brandy with his hoſteſs, kiſſed her, leaped into the carriage, and gave his fuzee to this fellow, who placed it aukwardly between his legs, and they had not proceeded above fifty yards down the hill, when the piece ſuddenly went off, and the contents entered the right cheek of his Lordſhip, forced out the right eye, and lodged in his brain; the left arm of the man and his coat were burnt with the powder;—he was martyred in the act of pointing with his pipe, to ſhew his ſervant how plain the coaſt of France appeared in view.—Thus he fell, like a ſtar from the firmament of brightneſs and peace, and in the very high-day of his jollity!

jollity!—from the moment that this diſaſtrous event took place to his expiring, which was a period of forty minutes, he never articulated a word, but groaned inceſſantly, till his ſenſations ceaſed in death—

"Then crack'd the cordage of a noble heart."

His piece was charged with ſwan-ſhot, with which he had been furniſhed by the turnpike-man, and he had been previouſly amuſing himſelf with killing the gulls and rabbits, as he marched along!—there were a few drops of blood on the lining of his regimental cap, which fell off his head, as his body ſunk upon the left ſide of the curricle, when the brains oozed upon the wheel through the lacerations in the cheek, until his coachman, who rode behind the carriage, eagerly removed his maſter's head, and replaced his right eye in the ſocket.—He was reconveyed to the public-houſe he had recently quitted; and a ſurgeon was brought from Folkſtone, at the deſire of Colonel ST. JOHN, with all poſſible expedition: but, alas! both ſkill and attention were equally fruitleſs; his pulſe gradually ſlackened, and his extremities ſtiffened:—this was a ſcene of horror, both to his own company and their priſoners, who all ſhed tears abundantly over the yet warm body of their common friend.

The

The Coroner ſat on his remains on Friday the 8th of March, and brought in their verdict—*Accidental Death.*—All the officers and men belonging to his regiment, have borne the moſt honorable teſtimony to his merits, by repeated proofs of the utmoſt pungency of grief for his misfortune.

A ſimilar account of this cataſtrophe was copied orally at Mr. HAMMERSLEY'S, from Mr. SETON, his Lordſhip's ſolicitor, by Mr. SHERIDAN, who kindly took that unerring method to counteract the ſuggeſtions of the envious and the malevolent, who had, without knowing the progreſs of the fatal event, inſinuated broadly that his demiſe was not altogether compatible with the ideas of a man of virtue!

His remains were interred on Sunday, March 17th, in the chancel of the church at *Wargrave.*

If I ſhould be called upon to compoſe his monumental record, I will not be his panegyriſt, but his hiſtorian: I will not indite his ſepulchre with that adulatory language, which I diſdained to offer him when living—I will not aver that he was perfect, but I will inſiſt that he was good.

" Where be his gibes and his jeſts now; his flaſhes of
" Merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar?"

He

He is now gone, poor gentleman, to diſcover the truth of thoſe governing poſitions for the mind, which, as a Dowager Queen of Pruſſia obſerved, neither Carteſius, Saint Auguſtine, nor Leibnitz, could with preciſion illuſtrate. The fall of ſuch a man, with the liberal few who could ſee his meaning through his deed, is a ſtunning blow to their tranquility. Like the paſſing away of ſummer to the fly, it is a ſolacement departed, that, perhaps, may never ſimilarly return during the flutterings of the cheerleſs inſect. What a leſſon is offered, by his viciſſitudes, to the heedleſs, the frantic, and the proud! Let them reflect, and be happier. They who willingly throw themſelves for repoſe into the arms of Luxury, are ſoon impelled to declare, like Montezuma, "this is not a bed of roſes." Where extraneous ſeduction is employed to awaken an appetite to pleaſure, the completion of enjoyment is but the prelude to the advances of Languor and Diſcontent. In every different delineation of morals, there is one point ſteadily enforced, viz. *To reſpect yourſelf.* One would think that the aſſociation of ſome men begot a tranſmigration of principle and prejudice; and that the mind, like particular metals, imbibed a portion of the magnetic force of its elbowing agent.

If

If any of the callow young men of diſtinction, who are hourly emerging into life, ſhould gather ſo much caution from the derangements of Lord Barrymore as to reſiſt the approaches of Extravagance, and the inconveniencies reſulting from Prodigality, he will not have lived in vain. He certainly miſtook the obligations of duty, as we ſhould rather ſeek for eſteem than admiration. The taſk of purification from error is, at beſt, an intricate effort, and the world is too ungenerous to admit a complete re-eſtabliſhment of characteriſtic worth; mankind are too baſe and ſuſpicious to believe the inſtantaneous abandonment of an habitual fault: too many derive comfort and ſignificance from the imbecilities of their compeer, to ſubſcribe otherwiſe than tardily to his regeneration.

Whatever were his weakneſſes, and weakneſſes we all have,

> " Let them be buried with him in his tomb,
> " But not remembered in his epitaph."

Here let us ponder upon the brevity of life. Here let the inconſiderate ruminate upon the reſtricted ſtate of humanity. With an ample revenue, a refined underſtanding, and the beſt heart imaginable, it was not poſſible for the lamented ſubject of theſe remarks to protract his being, or acquire the general encomium of a

polluted ſociety! But his end was conſonant with the moſt ſtern demands of Roman Virtue; he periſhed in an act of benevolence and the ſervice of his country. Calamities like theſe wean us from all ſublunary attachment. Who can be oſtentatious, wicked, or uncharitable, with ſuch inſtances of frailty and deſolation in his view?

One evil too eagerly treads on the heel of another to ſhake our fortitude: while I am writing this paragraph the diſmal account has arrived, that I have loſt the moſt tender parent that was ever born; he was the paragon of human integrity; he lived without ſhame, and he died without fear. I would ſooner have walked into a cannon's mouth than have given him intentional offence: his frown, like Proſpero's rod, would have benumbed my faculties.—Now have I but little left to deprecate, and leſs to hope. Death has made a void in my boſom which Time can never ſo valuably fill up again.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
"Creeps in a ſtealing pace from day to day,
"To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time?
"And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
"To their eternal night!———————
"Life 's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
"That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
"And then is heard no more;———————
"'Tis a tale, told by an ideot, full of ſound
"And fury, ſignifying nothing!"

With

With our daily load of motley misery, what imperial reptiles we are! what inflated triflers! If I may judge from my sensations, I may antedate my existence ten years, from the irruption that my present agonies have made upon my nature!

THE END.

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